

#47

WEAR **BEAT**



Fall 1992
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LEITCH PATROL

LEMONHEADS

SCREECHING WEASEL

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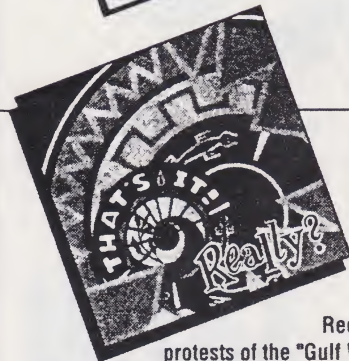


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Issue No. 47 Fall 1992

Welcome to Issue 47 and our new look. I'm not at all sure about this computer desktop publishing business... When I started this thing, I had a rickety old manual typewriter and a lot of paste, and we got the job done. Now the whole thing pops up on my monitor, and instead of scissors and rubber cement I just wave my mouse around and put things where I want them.

Things have changed quite a bit for bands too. What is it with this showcase format, where you book seven bands a night? That was unheard of ten years ago. In fact, when the Ramones and Blondie and Television first started playing CBGB back in the 70's, it was two bands a night, two sets a piece. Off the top of my head, I can think of about six clubs in New York that book anywhere from five to eight bands a night, seven nights a week -- CBGB, Atlantis, Bitter End, Underworld, Kenny's Castaways, and the Sun Mountain Cafe. Then there are places with the same policy that are only open on weekends -- Tilt, Street Level, Bond Street Cafe, The Bank, those independent showcases at the Marquee... I suppose the idea is that all those bands continually turn the house around -- people come to see the first band and leave, more people come in to see the second band, etc. But if you ever check out, say, one of those 7-hour marathons at CBGB, what really happens is that the first two bands and the last two bands play to an empty room, and anyone lucky enough to go on between 10:30 and 1 a.m. gets an audience.

Of course, it takes an awful lot of bands to fill all those slots, but there doesn't seem to be any problem finding them. On the other hand, when's the last time you saw a really *good* new band at a local club?

The major labels aren't making things any easier, signing up bar bands for outrageous advances and then dropping them on a whim. The latest casualty were the Cavedogs, dropped by Capitol after two albums, who broke up rather than go back to Boston and face the daunting prospect of playing Bunratty's on Thursday nights again until they could get another deal.

But there are also way too many unsigned bands who keep themselves way too busy trying to get signed instead of trying to be a band. I can't tell you how many times I've gone to see some highly touted local "buzz band," only to find myself in a room with maybe a dozen other people. What ever happened to the idea of building a draw? I can't think of a worst scenario than inviting some A&R geek to come see your band, and then playing on a Friday night at CBGB or Maxwell's in front of an empty room. If nobody likes your band now, what makes you think it'll be any different once you get signed? Yeah, get busy -- play shows, write songs, get *better* -- but read the interview with Faith No More in this issue and take their advice. First things first... don't worry about your per diems and major label tour support before you've played your first out-of-town show.

There's actually quite a bit of advice for bands in this issue. The Screeching Weasel interview goes into great length about those guys do business in their hometown, and how they're coping with being Punk Rock while still trying to earn a living.

In late breaking news, Letch Patrol made it to California on the tour they talk about in their interview, but a week before they left, Chicken John fired the drummer, which makes 66 ex-Letch Patrollers now inhabiting the globe. Transylvia lost their drummer too, and are looking for a replacement. And Sound Of Skin's lead singer was deported again. I think Faith No More is still intact, anyway.

You won't find any reviews of 7 inches in this issue; we had so many singles coming in the mail, we gave them their own zine. It's called *Glut*, and has over 100 singles reviews, plus some interviews with singles-oriented bands and labels and tons of contact addresses. Send us a dollar and we'll send you a copy.

As some of you know, I also write a weekly music column for *The Jersey Journal*, the daily newspaper that covers Hoboken, Jersey City, and much of northern New Jersey. The column has forced me to pay more attention to the mainstream (for instance, this summer I saw U2, Springsteen, and Elton John), but it's also prodded me into covering a lot more rap and metal. I also have to rely a lot more on major label assholes. This issue's shit list includes Heidi Robinson at Def American, who screwed me out of my Lollapalooza ticket; Tess Arevalo at Mercury, who left me off a guest list for Ugly Kid Joe and then ignored several followup phone calls and letters; those morons at Epic, who sent a Prong presskit when I asked for the Spin Doctors; all those rap labels who keep ignoring us just because we're white guys; Miami's Quit, who still owe me a video I ordered last March; and every major label that still sends me cassettes.

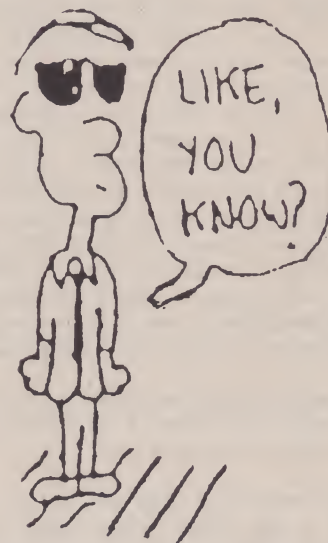
Whine whine, bitch bitch, as Mike Shea said at NMS this year, isn't that why we're all here?

- Jim Testa
Sept. '92

Jersey Beat

1982-1992

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Lutz, Sal Cannestra, John Lisa, Mark
Weiss, Jamie Turner

Missing In Action: Bruce Gallanter

All of our photographers called in sick
this issue. Most photos by Jim Testa,
unless otherwise noted. If you like to
go to shows and take pictures, please
get in touch! We can also use a
cartoonist.

GUEST EDITORIAL

'BANNED IN SOCIETY'

By G.G. ALLIN

G.G. Allin needs no introduction. He is a confrontational performance artist currently serving time in prison. While we may not agree with everything he says and does, Allin's views are thought-provoking, to say the least, and we thought you would be interested in what he has to say. This piece came to us hand-written from Allin's jail cell and is unedited, except for a few spelling corrections.

Prison, 1992

The United States of America is not a free country. The United States' legal system, like the government that protects it, sees to it that we are only as free as they allow us to be. And the freedoms that we do have seem to be diminishing at an alarming rate. In other words, if you live by what our society tells you is right and wrong, then you are only programmed to believe that you are living in a free society. But indeed -- you are not!!! Those of us who are truly free are the individuals who oppose the rules and laws of our so-called system. Also, do not be fooled. The policemen, the politicians, the courts, the judges and the entire judicial system is nothing but a lie, set up at your expense to benefit only those few who try and dominate legislation and all of their puppets who work to kiss the asses of those pulling the strings.

I for one am living proof as to just how far our system will go to remove you entirely from society if you should decide to take the unbeaten path.

I was abducted back in 1989 after being tracked down for well over a year by the United States Secret Service. Then I was handed over to the state of Michigan, where I was kidnapped by the judicial panel, who railroaded me into their prison system for two years where I was dissected by psychiatrists, therapists, counselors, put in solitary observation units and forced to partake in criminal sexual therapy counseling. Anything they could possibly do to brainwash me to break my non-conformist attitude. But all the while that this was going down, I kept one thing only in my mind. The G.G. Allin mission will remain in full power. Those motherfuckers would have to kill me before I ever in any way would compromise who I am. So no matter what they set out to do or how hard they tried, I could not be broken. They could not even come close to penetrating the walls of my mind.

But even after those two years were complete and I was released on parole (March '91), I was still not free. My parole agent constantly came to my room at the YMCA at any time of day and without notice would search through my entire living space. Detectives knocked on my door often with more questions as police harassed me on the streets. Then at a jury trial in Milwaukee, I was found guilty of disorderly conduct from a stage performance I did up there back in '89. I was fined 1500 bucks and given a 60 day jail sentence. That case is now in the Court of Appeals. Soon after that, I went out on the road to tour with my new band, the Murder Junkies. But also on this

tour, Big Brother was still watching... Undercover cops were set up at each show, police raids and club closings took place in nearly every city we played, and I was arrested on stage in six states before they finally decided that on Feb. 18, 1992, in Austin, Texas that it had all gone awry. The G.G. Allin rock n roll revolution was no part of this society that they were in control of. So again, I was abducted and held until authorities from Michigan could once again kidnap me and lock me back away in another prison cell. The Austin police who held me for eight days until the Michigan extradition squad came and shackled me in the back of a caged van for five days in which I was transported back to Jackson State Prison, where I remain to this very day. So again I ask... where does freedom begin??? I for one have been violated of my civil and constitutional rights to freedom of speech and expression. Not to mention the right to a fair and impartial trial. Freedom means nothing unless it includes complete freedom for all... Not just a chosen few. It's not the Red Hot Chili Peppers posing nude on the cover of Rolling Stone with their hands over their cocks. Freedom means putting your hands aside and letting what you've got hang out for all to see. Or it's not Ice-T whose "Cop Killer" is bubblegum compared to my "Kill The Police." Because the Chili Peppers, Ice-T and all of the others are basically playing by the rules of the industry that owns them. An industry that will allow you to go so far...but not too far. They still call the shots. Well, in my case, nobody tells me what to do. I call my own shots. Maybe that's why I am the only real fucking rock n roll underground that really does matter anymore. Because I cannot be bought and sold. I'm sick of all the fucking phonies and frauds. I am the real rock n roll terrorist. So right now I'm sitting in a concrete cage. But only my body is locked up. Because just like always, they will never take away my mind. It's too strong.

There's no such thing as rehabilitation. It's either your way or their way. And I have always lived by the laws of the wild, untamed human animal. Right now I am in the process of putting together a group of inmates called P.A.C. - Prisoners Against Conformity. I for one will not give in to my abductors in any way. It has cost me a lot of pain and suffering for real. But pain and suffering are what I do best. I'm conditioned for anything. Besides, that's a small price to pay for your integrity. So fuck the law. Doing this time will only make the next G.G. Allin Revenge Tour that much more bloody and violent. I am unstoppable. The G.G. Allin mission will rage on. They are only feeding the fires. The way in my head is on enemy lines.

Kevin Allin 206045
Jackson State Prison
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By Jim Testa

Anyone who reads Ben Weasel's acerbic column in Maximum Rock N Roll, or has seen his confrontational style on stage, knows him as a brash, insolent punk rocker with an attitude to match his ego. Meet him in person, though, and you find he shares an immaculate Chicago apartment with his girlfriend of many years, and cleans, cooks, and fusses around the place like Felix Unger. And while in public he's cockier than Jello Biafra and Rollins rolled into one, in private he can be moody and plagued by the same self-doubts that bother any artist.

So now that I've blown his cover, here's the scoop: I visited Chicago in June and saw Screeching Weasel play an amazing set in front of 500 hometown fans at their home base, McGregor's in suburban Elmhurst, Illinois. No one really thinks of Screeching Weasel as a political band, but you only have to see a roomful of sweating teenage boys defiantly singing along to tunes like "I Wanna Be A Homosexual" and pulling down their pants for "I Wanna Be Naked" to realize that a lot of old preconceptions are being challenged and changed by this bunch.

The current Weasel lineup is Ben Weasel on vocals and Johnny Jughead on guitar (the only original members left), Dan Vapid on guitar, John Personality on bass, and Dan Panic on drums. We talked with Ben and Jughead in Ben's apartment after a scrumptious dinner of fettuccini alfredo and salad. How punk rock is *that*? The band's second lp on Lookout, *Wiggle*, should be out by the time you read this. Now grab a glass of white wine and read on....

Q: Let's start with the state of Screeching Weasel, Part II. The band broke up, you got back together... what's happening now?

Ben: John, why don't you answer that. And tell the truth.

Jughead: Well, the truth is that we did the benefit for Russ (Underdog), right? Is that the story?

Ben: No, that doesn't really have much to do with it.

Jughead: Well, that's where I started to talk to Dan (Vapid) about it, and that's when we proposed it to you.

Ben: Oh yeah, it was. Well, after Screeching Weasel had broken up, me and John had a band called the Gore Gore Girls. I was sick of it, because two of the guys in the band were driving me nuts. I didn't say the band is breaking up, I just said, "I quit." And everybody else said, yeah, let's stop doing it. And John said, well, let's do Screeching Weasel again. I was going to start another band with Dan Panic and

Dave Naked, so we decided to just put Screeching Weasel back together again. This was in 1991. So we start rehearsing and we're gonna record an album out in California, so we did some shows along the way and went out to California. And Lookout put out the album, and not too long after that, we kicked the bass player, Dave Naked, out, because he just wasn't into it. And then we got our current bass player, John, so now there's two Daves and two Johns. But John wouldn't tour, so we went on tour and Gub, our roadie, also played bass. And I started working on tunes for this next album and that's where we are. Things seem to be going pretty well right now. The fact that we've sold about three times as many of this record (*My Brain Hurts*) as we did the last one (*Boogada Boogada Boogada*) is certainly a good sign. We're more popular than we ever were, which still isn't huge, but we're getting there.

Q: You and John go back a long way, even before Screeching Weasel, but I never heard the story of how you met.

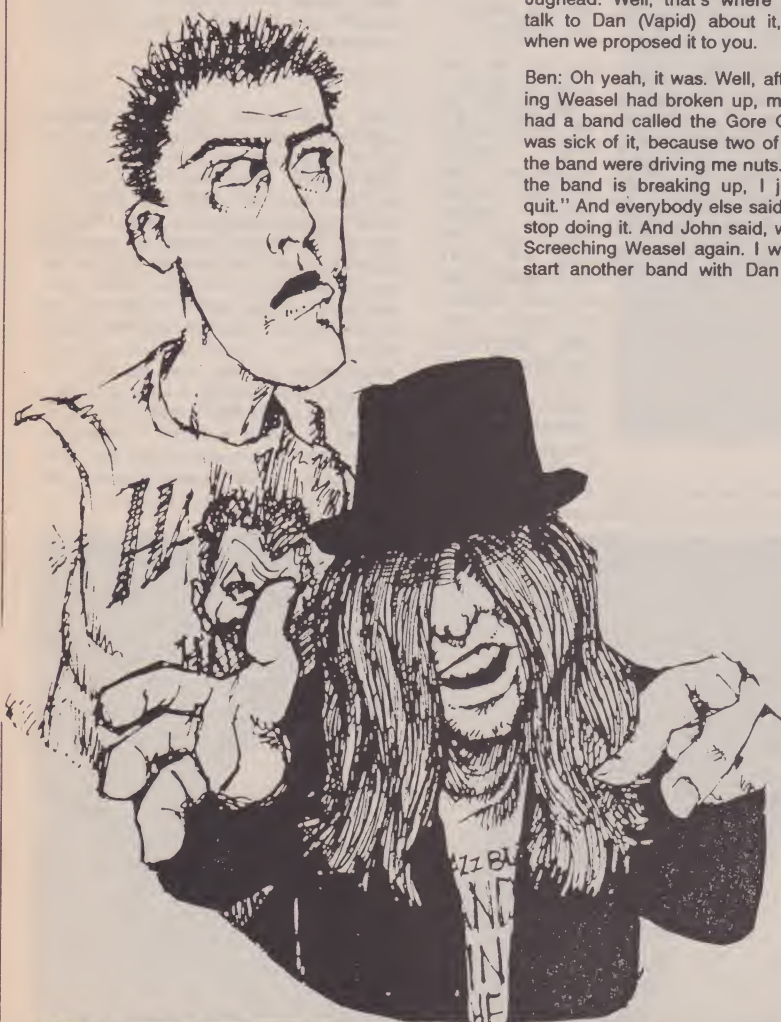
Jughead: We actually met the first time in junior high school on the wrestling team. We didn't really hang out or anything.

Ben: I barely remembered him. In fact, I was talking to him recently and I was telling him about this time I was at summer camp, and he goes, yeah, I was there. I don't remember him being there, and there weren't that many kids there.

Jughead: We just had separate peer groups. When we actually became friends was later when we were both working at this movie theater, five or six years later.

Ben: Wasn't it more than that? When we first really met, I was twelve, and then...I guess it was just five years, I was 17 when we worked at the movie theater. But god, you know, first you're twelve and then you're 17. Those are five big years.

Q: Ben, do you think the fact that this time around, you're also doing the column in Maximum Rock N Roll has helped you, by



SCREECHING WEASEL

The Jersey Beat Interview

making you more visible and better known? Or isn't there any connection between Ben the columnist and Ben the guy in the band?

Ben: We've played a couple of shows where the promoters advertised it as "Maximum Rock N Roll's Ben Weasel," but I think it's different from something like Mykel Board and Artless. Because for me, the band

is first and foremost, the band existed long before I ever did the column. And surprisingly, it surprises me, but I think that people do see it separately. In a few cases, maybe people don't and in a few cases, maybe it gets people out to the shows... But I think for the most part,

people who know I do the column were into the band anyway, and were into the band before I ever did the column. Now Artless and Mykel Board's column are pretty much the same, he's saying the same things in both. But that's not the case with Screeching Weasel and my column at all.

Q: It seems like you've actually benefitted by breaking up for a while. It's kind of like when Minor Threat broke up for a while and then came back, their second incarnation was much bigger than their first. It's like your legend grew while you were in limbo.

Ben: Yeah. I think that's exactly what happened with us. I don't know if it's so much of a legend thing, but, like... We broke up in 1989, when the straight edge thing was just beginning to die. But when we were a band and actively touring, that straightedge stuff was really popular, and we were hated. And the other thing that was really popular was this alternative rock stuff. So now we get back together in 1991, and the alternative rock stuff is still there but it's kind of moved over the fence. It's much more separate from the punk scene than it was a few years ago, there are so many more bands on major labels and playing only big clubs and stuff. And straightedge is just completely dead. And plus, the success of a band like Green Day has to help. Green Day opened for us when we toured the first time in 1989, and now they draw

more people than us. But the fact that they're so successful helped us... Because now, every band around wants to sound like Green Day, and people are a lot more accepting of simple pop tunes now, which is basically what we do. So I think the type of music we do has become much more popular and acceptable, because the

hardcore kids weren't allowed to like this kind of music before, and now people are a lot more open-minded and like different kinds of music.

As far as the politics behind the band, the kids might be up on that but our politics are pretty a-okay anyway.

As far as the break up goes, it really helped us. We really needed the break, because we weren't writing good songs toward the end and we were really getting sick of one another. We knew, me, John and Dan, that when we got back together we'd be writing different kinds of songs. So maybe it wasn't fair to

keep the same name. But it did help us get shows and it helped us get signed to a

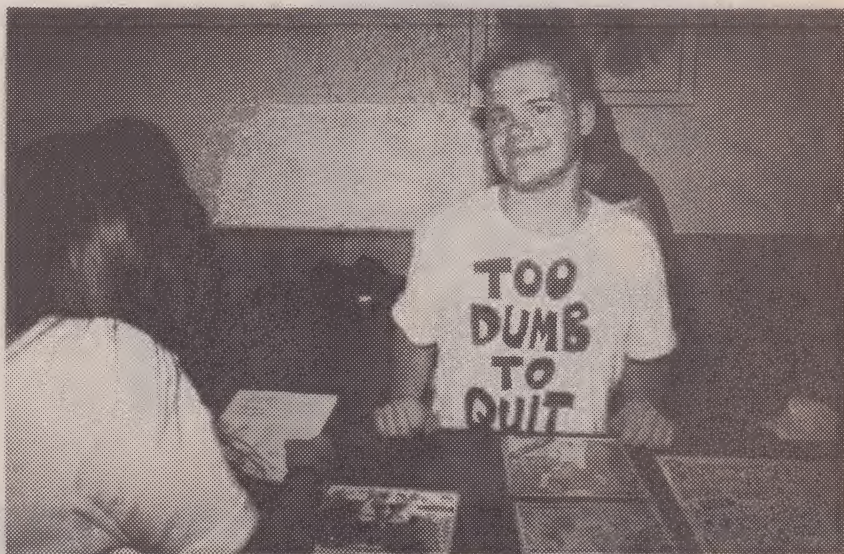
one bit, because it was always us anyway.

Q: I think it's interesting that while you've never been a "political" band, you've always been a band with a message, at least to me. Which was like, well, here we are, we're these goofs, but that's cool. It's okay to like the Brady Bunch, it's okay to be from the suburbs, those were the messages on the first two records. But now that you're really starting to catch on, and I also think maybe the column has made you more aware of your influence on kids, the message is also stuff like, it's okay to be homosexual, it's okay to jump up and down naked if you feel like it, stuff like that.

Ben: Yeah. I totally agree with that. When we started, we never, ever tried to hide the fact that we were just dumb kids from the suburbs. In fact, we promoted that. And *nobody* was doing that. Everybody does it now, but nobody was doing that back then.

Q: Adrenalin O.D. was doing it.

Ben: I mean here. A.O.D. was doing it and they were one of our favorite bands when we started, we were totally influenced by them. But it was just like, fuck it, we don't have to be big and tough and have big mohawks and be scary. Now we all live in the city, except for our bass player, but we're all from the suburbs. So we don't sing about the same stuff anymore, but there is this progression. It's a progression in the way we think about things. The first album almost embarrasses me now, but I still think it's kind of funny. Because a lot of the songs on it were songs that I wrote when I was 15 and 16 in drug treatment, or right after I got out of drug treatment and saw what was going on. And I was not as good at articulating myself as I am now. But I



good label. That might be shitty or stupid, living off your past, but we worked for all that, and never got paid for any of it before we broke up. But we got the ability to be known. I don't feel guilty about that

know what I felt like back then, so I still think the songs are good.

Now...political? Yeah, I think the more popular you get, you have a responsi-



Ben: We're the first non-California band. That's another good thing, because it's started a trend where Larry's going to be more interested in bands from out of state. One of the reasons he signed us was to kinda test that out. He knew that we had somewhat of a following already, and really, it was a perfect match, we were meant for Lookout.

But now they're talking about doing this comp as a benefit for Gilman Street and I know for a fact that

And the other thing is that we finally have a drummer who's willing to play that kind of music, and not be all bitchy about wanting to put in a kooky funk part or something, like Brian Vermin or our other drummer, Steve, who bitched about everything. If you put our second album and our third album together, I think anybody could tell it's the same band, and that's what counts.

Q: What's it like being on Lookout? Before you were saying that you've found now there's a difference even between being on Lookout and being one of the bigger bands on Lookout.

Ben: That's one of the things that I deal with. Seeing that it hasn't been resolved within the label, I don't have a problem talking about it. First and foremost, Lookout is easily the best independent label in the country. There's not any other label that I'd want to be on. If we got dropped from Lookout, we'd have to put out our own records, because except possibly for Vermiform, I can't think of another label that I would trust. And even Vermiform or maybe Selfless doesn't do the kind of stuff we need, where the album is gonna be on CD, cassette, and lp and get that kind of distribution.

What we get paid on Lookout, there's not a label in the country that pays that kind of percentage to the bands. And considering the volume that's sold, the fact that we've sold 6000 records is mind-boggling to us. It puts us in the top five of records sold for Lookout. The downside of that is that Larry (Livermore) is a human being and has a tendency to treat bands better who are selling more than bands who aren't. And I think that's shitty.

But another aspect of it is that I'm calling Lookout every week. I know every detail of what's going on, I know how much everything costs, I know the break-even point. I make sure the records are getting to this person and that fanzine and this radio station, I'm totally following up. I'm as involved as I can be from 2000 miles away. Whereas the bands who live next door to them, they give them the tape and then wander off, and then the record comes out and they wonder what's going on. So a lot of it is the band's fault too.

Q: Aren't you the first Lookout band that isn't from Berkeley?

Jughead: We're the only band on the label that isn't from the East Bay.

Larry's talking to tons of out of state bands for that. And maybe getting on that record will get those bands a gig out there, get them on tour. And I think our success helped open that door. Overall, some of the criticism of Larry is valid but really, he's doing a much better job than anybody else would in his situation.

Q: When you were on tour, did a lot of kids come up and think you were from San Francisco?

Ben: Yup. In fact, we get letters to our p.o. box in Prospect Heights, Illinois, and kids write and ask us what the East Bay scene is like. And they want to know if we have flyers with us and Operation Ivy and Green Day on them.

Q: Something that I think would surprise most of the East Bay bands is how you do business here in Chicago. Specifically, I mean the fact that you don't do a lot of shows. A band like Green Day will play out at home all the time, but you only play in the Chicago area about once every two or three months.

Jughead: We play about once every three months. We've always been like that. A little bit in the beginning, we tried to get out there more. But every early, I remember talking to Ben about how it would be better if we didn't play out that much, because people would get tired of us.

Ben: Back then we were playing Dirty Nellie's, it was about every four to six weeks that we would play. And now, we play every three months. The thing is, especially in the summer, there are a lot of bands coming through town that I would love to play with, and they would benefit from playing with us because we draw good crowds and they'd make good money. On the other hand, you play that much and your draw is going to go down, number one. And I like the fact that we can play a show and have 500 people show up without a fist fight. People are getting along and meeting each other.

And the other cool thing about playing every three months that's just started to happen is that people will come from Nebraska and Canada, New Jersey, Alabama, New Hampshire, all these places, just because it's such an event. And they all get to meet each other and it's like having a big party or something. If we played every week, it would be no big deal. Now we always have people coming in from out of town, and the kids in the scene here get to meet these

really cool friends of ours and our friends get to meet people, and it provides a lot more opportunity for there to be some cohesiveness within the punk scene.

And the other thing is that we're playing this club, McGregor's, where all the other bands play. We're not like Naked Raygun, off in some big place that's really expensive, we're right in the hub of the punk scene here. If people continually come out to see us there, they're going to be drawn into the core of the punk scene, where people are doing fanzines and bands and stuff like that, and maybe get inspired to do something.

Q: There's also this theory that the bigger bands in a scene have almost a duty to help the younger bands, which is something I know you do.

Ben: I get tons of letters and tapes from bands who want to play with us. And I listen to all the tapes and answer all the letters, although most of them really suck. But I remember the good ones, and if some young band really impresses us, we make it a point to get them on a bill with us. The other thing is that when we do a show, we don't work it where the club pays us and then pays the other bands. We get all the money and we pay the opening bands, and we talk to them and explain how we're paying them. Because it would be really shitty for us to just take our money and never have to deal with those people. If someone wants to question us, we're right there and we have to answer them about why they're getting paid so much. Even if we weren't paying them, it's still our responsibility, and they know it. Bands are just playing a game when they come into show and headline and act like what happens to the opening bands isn't any of their business. Of course it is.

LITERARY POOP

THE SHORT MAN COMPLEX

BY DAVID SAULNIER

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"WAKE UP THE PUBLIC ? HA ...
THEY'RE NOT WORTH TWO BAGS OF
SHIT ..."



If there's a good band in Chicago, we want to know about it. And if they're having trouble getting gigs, we'll put them on a bill with us. Because no one did that for us. We had to build everything up ourselves. No one ever put us on a bill, the biggest band we've ever played with was All, and that was in East Moline, Missouri and there were 75 people there.

Jughead: When we started, we even had to start our own club so we could have shows.

Ben: We created our own scene. And it would be great if other people could do that, but I figure, it would have been nice if some bigger band had taken us under their wing.

Q: The fact that you only do shows a few times a year also makes it easier for you guys to pursue other projects, which I know you do.

Ben: Right. Dan Vapid sings in Sludgeworth, I play guitar in the Vindictives. And it's not just other band stuff. Jughead writes, Dan Panic goes to school. People have jobs, people have girl friends. The thing about Screeching Weasel that's unlike most bands is that I'm the only one for whom the band is the central part of my life. And the only reason it is for me is because I'm dealing with so much business, it's not really because of a big emotional attachment. But parallel to that runs an emotional attachment you're not always aware of, just because you're so involved with it. If the band just suddenly ended, I'd find myself with a lot of time on my hands.



But it's not the main point in our lives. And our deal isn't that we want to get signed to a major label or we want to get rich. That's not our trip as a band. Our whole trip as a band is, we wanna sell a lot of records, and that to me is the main thing. Doing shows and touring is great because it's fun, but the main thing is you get your records out. Because if somebody owns a record, they're gonna have it 15 years from. And they might put it on the turntable and listen it to then. Even if 15 years from now, Screeching Weasel is just a tiny footnote in the annals of rock history, if the record is sitting there, someone is going to pick it up and listen to it. And say, wow, it's good music, but this band is also saying something. Even though a lot of our tunes don't say anything, I think there's a spirit there that does say something. That's what's important to me, worming your way into people's lives via records and CD's and tapes and stuff. The band itself really isn't a central part of our lives, and I think if we tried to make it that, we'd all go nuts and break up in two weeks.

Screeching Weasel's new lp, *Wiggle*, is due out November 1 on Lookout Records. Since we did this interview, Ben quit the Vindictives, and John Personality has left Screeching Weasel. Dan Vapid returns to bass and Ben will sing and play rhythm guitar.

You can write Screeching Weasel at PO Box 62, Prospect Hts, IL 60070, if you promise not to ask them what the scene is like in California, or any other dingbat questions.

by Jim Testa

We usually don't interview bands who sell millions of records and play football stadiums, but we made an exception with Faith No More. [For all the gory details on how this interview came to be, see the sidebar.] But after ten years of writing about bands, most of what I know about the world of arena rock comes from the same media myths that the most callow 16-year headbanger feeds on. The guys in Faith No More think a lot about the myths that the music business creates, as you'll soon see.

And so, a week before his band opened for Guns N Roses and Metallica at Giants Stadium, I met with bassist Billy Gould in the penthouse suite of a luxury mid-town hotel, and it kinda went like this...

Billy: So you know this tour we're on? Whatever they call it. How does it differ from the Titanic?

Q: I give up.

Billy: The Titanic had a good band. (laughs)

Q: I tried to come up with some bass player questions when I found I was interviewing the bass player. I always find bass players interesting because at some point in your life, you must have had the chance to be a guitar player, which is the big glamor position in a band. So how'd you get stuck on the bass?

Billy: My dad wanted me to play guitar when I took up the bass. "Whaddaya wanna play that for?" he'd ask me. I used to play piano when I was a kid, but basically I had the ability to pick up any instrument and play it. I used to ride around on bikes with this gang of kids, Roddy [Bottom] used to ride bikes with us. Roddy played piano then and his mom used to make him practice. He knew these two other kids and they played drums and guitar, so if they knew a bass player, they could start a band. So I just told my mom I wanted to take bass lessons so we could get the band thing started. That's when we were 13 or 14.

It was real easy to learn right away, to get by. With bass, if you play the minimum, it still doesn't sound that bad. So when I was 15, I was already playing clubs. And that was great, man. I was in. Older women. Drinking. Incredible, playing with these older groups. So I just stuck with it, because when you're that young and you learn something, you get better quickly.

Q: Do you resent the stereotype that bass is the easiest instrument now that you're older and more accomplished?

Billy: I don't think that's true at all. I think it's the most misplayed instrument. Because people always seem to take the easy way out. A lot of bass players try to mimic the guitar, play guitar solos on it or go under what the guitar's playing. Very rarely, except in funk bands, does the bassist actually listen to what the drummer is playing and try to play bass like another rhythm instrument. Some people can do it, but by and large, I think it isn't done well. And if you do it the wrong way, then of course it's easy.

Q: It's funny how often Faith No More gets lumped into the same genre as the Red Hot Chili Peppers, a band you really don't sound like at all. I think when that happens, your bass playing is probably most responsible for the comparison.

Billy: You're the second person who's said that today and no one's ever said that before. Funny. You're probably right. I'm probably the guy who brings the comparison. But I don't play like Flea, we play totally different styles. I couldn't play like he plays in a million years. He plays funk and soul correctly, the way it's classically supposed to be played. And I'm kinda self-taught, and I don't really like that technical thing, I have my own way of doing things. I guess on a certain level, we're both rhythm players.

Q: You toured so much for *The Real Thing*, I was wondering how you ever got a chance to write the new record.

Billy: We had about a year to write it. It's funny because most people say, how come it took three years for this record to come out. Well, two of it was touring. It was a little hard the first two months, but right after we finished that tour, like three weeks later, we were back practicing again in the studio. I can't believe we did that, we really needed a break, but we didn't take it. It just took a couple of months to get out of touring mode, where you're repeating things every night. Then it got real easy.

Q: What's the process when you put songs together?

FAITH NO MORE

Billy: It depends on the song. Every song came together differently. Pick a song and I'll tell you how we wrote it.

Q: "Kindergarten."

Billy: "Kindergarten" I basically wrote on guitar, and played it with Buffy so we had drums and guitar, and then brought it to the rest of the band. But that one was mostly bass inspired.



by Jim Testa

The following story is true. Some of the names have been changed to protect the guilty.

My friend Mikey The Publicist calls one day and he's all excited. "Hey, we're doing Faith No More," he gushes. "Wanna interview them?"

"So why do I want to interview Faith No More?" I ask him. "They're not from Hoboken, are they?"

"Well, no, they're from San Francisco," Mikey says. "But they're on tour with Guns N Roses."

Oh, right. That gigantic Cretins Of Rock or whatever they're calling it tour with Guns N Roses and Metallica. Nine hours in a football stadium with a sound system louder than the tail end of a 747, surrounded by long-haired white trash in tanktops throwing frisbees and firecrackers at each other. Sounds like a lot of fun.

Usually, I leave the behind-the-scenes stuff to *Entertainment Tonight*. But how often does a fanzine geek get a chance to see the hype machine behind one of these colossal tours in operation firsthand? So I bite.

Now usually, when I interview a band, I get to meet the *whole* band; or, at the very least, pick the members I speak to myself. Not with this freakshow. It's kind of like going to the bakery on Sunday morning; you take a number and wait your turn and then take whatever's left.

So a day later, Mikey calls me back. "You're interviewing the bass player, Billy Gould."

How I Got The Story

The *bass player*? Well, what about the singer, isn't he the glib one? I ask. "He's busy," Mikey says. "You're lucky. You almost got the drummer. Be at the Lexington Avenue Hotel tomorrow at 2 p.m. I'll come down to the lobby and get you."

So I show up at the hotel at 1:45 p.m. and promptly get to wait an hour for Mikey to show up. "Sorry, we're running a little late," he says. "Can you wait another twenty minutes? Billy's dying to talk to you. I told him all about you."

Yeah, right.

Ninety-minutes later, I'm ushered into the penthouse suite of the hotel to meet the bass player, only to find he's still finishing up his interview with some woman writer from Metal Head magazine. Women who write about heavy metal tend to be a unique breed; this one's got that gaunt, Morticia Addams look and as I enter the room, she's aiming a laser-beam stare right into this poor guy's eyes and saying, "So tell me, Billy, what's it really like when you're leaving the venue and the *KIDS*" - she says the word the way Sister Mary Ignatius used to say the word "Jesus" - "start screaming and yelling your name?"

"Well, um, actually, they usually yell for Mike the singer. He's the cute one," answers Billy apologetically. With that, Vampira sweeps up her mini-corder and murmurs a sultry "thanks, it was great" as she makes a sweeping exit. My turn.

As I'm leaving, Mikey comes up to me with a worried frown and asks, "Did you really want a photo pass for the concert?"

Why wouldn't I want the photo pass, I ask.

"Well, here's the deal. If you have a Faith No More photo pass for the show at Giants Stadium, they keep you backstage in a little room with all the other photographers and then let you out to shoot pictures for five songs, near the end of the show. Then, if you don't have another pass, they escort you out of the stadium."

Oh.

"Hey, it could be worse," Mikey adds. "With the Guns N Roses photo pass, they only let you out of the little room for one song."

I know, I know. It's only rock and roll. But I don't have to like it.

Q: Does Mike (Patton) usually write the lyrics?

Billy: Pretty much all of them on this album except "Be Aggressive." Roddy wrote those.

Q: Whoever brings in the basic idea, do you all pretty much bring in your own parts? Like, do you write your own bass parts when it's someone else's song?

Billy: Yeah, when it needs one. "Malpractice," I didn't write a damn thing, Patton pretty much showed me the bass part he wanted for it. And it worked, it fit. Sometimes it takes you, with your own instrument, to work in a part that fits, because you know your own instrument the best. Like on "Land of Sunshine," my bass part came after the fact, because it needed something there. We know when something's needed and we do it.

Q: I think the big secret weapon for you guys are Roddy's keyboards. He always matches the keyboard sound to the song so perfectly.

Billy: Right, definitely. And sometimes they're the simplest things. They're all one-hand things, but they've got that punch.

Q: The lyrics you guys write are so weird sometimes, it's hard to know what the songs are really about, but I got the impression a lot of them were about sex.

Billy: Really? Not at all. This album is about America. We didn't realize it until we got to Europe and they heard these songs over there, and we realized that every single song has a bit of Americana in it. It's all American phenomena that people can see from the outside but Americans can't see for themselves. So I think that Patton, in being really subjective and going with his gut feelings, actually showed a lot of his culture. It's all kind of San Franciscan, even, if you want to take it further.

Q: After spending two years on the road, most of your social life must've been just tv and magazines. I mean, you were really immersed in American junk culture there for a long time.

Billy: Oh yeah, absolutely. We like to go out though and see places and meet the fans though.

Q: Do you actually get a chance on tour to sightsee and meet people? My friends in much smaller bands always complain that all they ever get to see on tour is the inside of the bus, hotel rooms and clubs.

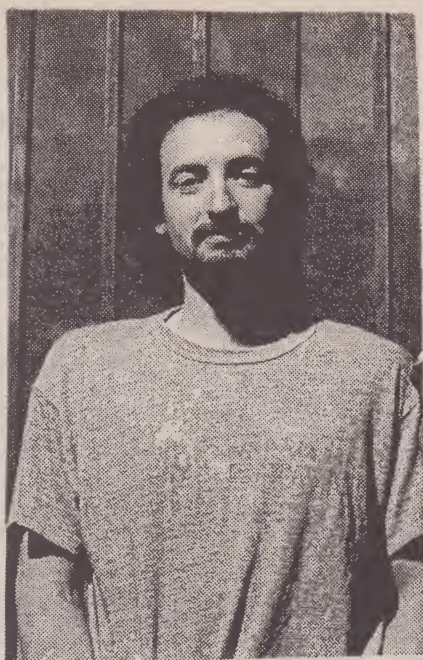
Billy: We like to meet people and see things, but it's harder now with these big shows. We have to spend a lot of time at the gig, just because of the traffic of the people getting there. And most of these big venues are on the outskirts of town, so you can't go into town to a bookstore or to get something to eat if you wanted to. And so you're sitting around in this goddamn enormous gymnasium and it sucks. But we've only really been confronted with that on this tour. And I think once this tour is over, we'll be back to playing theaters and be back more in the center of town. We find plenty of time to go out, actually. Most of the bands you know can't sleep on a nice tour bus. We get to sleep in the daytime and go out at night.

Q: Don't you also find with your success that there are more and more people working for you whose job it is to keep the public away from you?

Billy: Oh no, absolutely not. No way. Even though we could use 'em once in a while.

Q: I sort of have this picture, as far as groupies and stuff, of the other four of you just kinda standing around and saying, "Mike's over there." Is it like there or do you all draw your share of attention?

Billy: It's kind of like that. Touring doesn't really make you think about sex like people think, it makes you more confident. It lets you be able to talk to people a lot easier. If you're a tourist in a strange town, nobody wants to talk to you. But if you're a band in town, people know who you



**Billy Gould (l.)
Mike Bordin (r.)
Mike Patton (not pictured)**

are, so you can go up to talk to them and it's fine. But it doesn't even relate to sex, it just goes with any people, you get more confident. We're not really that attractive a band anyway so we don't have much of a problem keeping away girls.

Q: There must have been an enormous difference between when you started the last tour and were virtually unknown and when you finally got home, and had been such a big hit on MTV and had your faces in magazines and were pretty famous. Was there any one point where it just hit you that you had done okay by yourselves?

Billy: I think that's the best thing that happened to our heads. It took such a long time and such a lot of hard work that by the time the record did break, we didn't even give a shit anymore. We were, like, who cares? The label had already spent a year promoting the record before it broke, so when the record broke and people were telling us we were big stars, we didn't see checks. We didn't really see any of the money until six months after we got off tour. It was a very strange situation. At the very height of our popularity, we were still flat broke. We started thinking we were just tools of the media, just this horse with a carrot in front of it. We thought we were performing for other people, we were paying for photographers to make livings, for writers to write lies about us, and for record companies to sell records. Which is pretty much true. They give us snacks here and there, but it's the same thing now.

Q: So was there a point after you got home when you finally got to look at your bank book and say, "holy shit, we did okay!"

Billy: Exactly. It was four or five months after we got home, actually. But then that just meant that we had to start buying everybody drinks. Everytime I want to go out, nobody has any money so I get the tab.

Q: I really haven't interviewed that many bands who've been as successful as you are...

Billy: Wait a minute. Do you really think we're successful?

Q: Don't you? I mean, you're playing a football stadium this Saturday.

Billy: Yeah, but we're the opening band. They asked us to do it. We're not really that successful yet. We can't do a tour and have who we want to open up for us, we're not that powerful yet. When

we can do a tour of the states and have the Young Gods open up, without having to think about how many people they can draw, then I'll say that we're a successful band. We can't do that, we still have to play politics, which sucks.

Q: So if you were just touring by yourselves now and playing New York, where would you play?

Billy: The Academy Theater. In fact we were booked in there on an off night for this tour but it got called off.

Q: That's where Nine Inch Nails plays.

Billy: That's about our drawing power. See, drawing power is different from record sales. It's different from radio. They're three different worlds. Sometimes they hook up together and sometimes they're totally different. Of course, we haven't played in two years so we don't really know what we can draw. Maybe one or two nights at The Ritz. We don't want to step above our bounds. I'd hate to play a 6000 seat venue and only have a thousand people come, it'd be really humiliating.

Q: You've already done Europe with Guns N Roses. Any good stories about the humiliating things they put their opening bands through?

Billy: They treat us really well. There are a million horror stories and they're all true, but Michael Jackson's opening bands probably have some horror stories too. It's just opening band bullshit, it's just out there. Guns N Roses, they're just this alien thing, they're something I can't even comprehend, some kind of mutation.

[At this point, drummer Mike Bordin enters the conversation.]

Mike: I didn't mean to interrupt.

Q: That's okay, join in. We were talking about Guns N Roses.

Mike: They're in a different world. We're playing with Guns N Roses for ourselves, not because we like them. To give ourselves a position of power. We're fortunate they asked a band like us to tour. At least they ask different kinds of acts to be on the bill with them, which is kind of responsible. But that's where it ends, right there.

Q: How have they been so far about going on hours and hours late?

Billy: They've been hours and hours late, every day. I heard a rumor from a reliable source that one time they were all ready to go on like

a half hour after we finished. And Slash and Duff were like, c'mon, let's go, let's do it. And Axl goes, no man, fuck you, I've got them in the palm of my hand. I'll go on when I want to. That's what he said.

Q: I don't understand the arrogance, like, the audience is just there for him.

Billy: I think it's just as bad if you think you're there totally for the audience. I think you're both there together and you make of it what you will.

[Discussion wanders off the track to different venues in South America and the U.S., including the Jones Beach amphitheater.]

Billy: This guy was the second one today who said that when we get compared to the Chili Peppers, that I'm the reason why.

Mike: (hysterical laughter) Did he get mad when you said that?

Q: No, he thought it was funny. We were talking about a song like "Be Aggressive," which is real funky.

Mike: See, now I could give you a whole lesson about physics and things like that where I could explain how it's completely different from what Flea or the Chili Peppers do it. To me, it's almost diametrically different.

Billy: It's all downbeats.

Mike: Right, it's almost like a rhythm guitar part. But again, that's just parlor conversation. To me, it's like he's playing percussion, he's

filling in the gaps for me on drums.

Q: Something else we were talking about is if there was one moment when you got back from tour when you realized you had achieved some kind of major popularity.

Mike: Doing okay is a tough concept. It's like a stick that has a carrot on the end of it that keeps you moving along.

Billy: I gave him that same analogy. You know what's funny too, though? What you think a band that's successful makes? What you imagine them to be? When we were at like 60 or 70,000 records, we were imagining what it would be like if we ever went gold. And if we ever went platinum, like, Jesus Christ. Then you get there and it's like... We're musicians and we've been playing for ten years. And we realized how misled and ignorant we were over our occupation. What can be made and what can't be made, and what a certain level of success means.

Mike: It's a myth, it's just a lot of myths.

Billy: We've been doing this for ten years and we thought we were pretty world-wise, and we were completely off the mark. I hate to think what most people think about musicians. We were on the inside and we didn't know. If we were surprised at all about our success, it was on the unpleasant side.

Mike: I think the myths are what brings a lot of musicians into it. Then they find out the truth.

In our ongoing effort to cover every conceivable corner of the rock 'n roll scene, we sent Jersey Beat reporters Mike Lupica and Alex Swain to Giants Stadium to see the Morons Of Rock Tour featuring Guns N Roses, Metallica, and Faith No More. Here is Mike Lupica's report.

Imagine, if you will, being in a place bigger than the biggest place you've ever been in, surrounded by 19,998 people that you probably wouldn't ever want to talk to. That's kind of how Alex and I felt as we stumbled onto the field of Giants Stadium. But of course, we aren't here to see very degenerate in the tri-state area, we're here for the Monsters Of Rock -- three bands that you see on MTV more often in one day than you probably talk to your mother. We find our excellent seats in the third row and sit down with skeptical faces.

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! What was that noise that just punctured a hold in my heart, and was it the cause of that blast of wind that just robbed me of most of my clothes? An earthquake? A hurricane? No, just some roadie sound-checking the bass drum. Jesus. In anticipation of thing getting much worse, Alex and I fashion makeshift earplugs out of the college schedule that's been occupying space in my wallet for the last 7 months.

6:45 PM and Faith No More casually saunters on stage. Mike Patton, the singer, grabs the mic and utters two simple words: "Hi, fuckers." and WHAM! They launch right into the first song. Overall they were pretty good. The only big problem is the keyboards. Not that they're bad by themselves, but there's way too much emphasis placed on them and not enough on that wooly guitar player. I think Mr Patton's voice is better suited to, say, a nice hardcore band, but then again, I suppose that the funk/metal stuff that this band

spews out is pretty much pop culture's watered-down version of hardcore. A 50-minute set, and I'm not too disappointed when it ends.

Me: Excuse me, do you know if Metallica or GnR is headlining?

Ugly Guy Next To Me: They're BOTH headlining. It's a DOUBLE headline.

Me: Well, who's playing last?

Ugly Guy Next To Me: Guns N Roses.

Me: So THEY'RE headlining?

Ugly Guy Next To Me: It's a DOUBLE headline!

Bread And Circuses A Live Report

I stop paying attention to this shmuck and start paying to the fact that I'm hungry and have no money.

One of the most noticeable things about heavy metal concerts is the fact that they're an excuse for just about EVERYONE to take off their shirts. Big musclebound dudes who want to show off, big-breasted mall-culture girls hoping to catch the attention of the hottest guitarist or whoever, and even more frequently, those ENORMOUSLY OBESE men with ripples and bulges of fat protruding from such innocent appendages as knees and knuckles.

Weird...

8 PM and out they come. James Hetfield walks up to the mic and utters two simple words: "Hi, fuckers." (Deja vu? Or maybe the cue card guy just fucked up.) I can't decide which is louder, the opening guitar chord or the menacing roar of several thousand Metallica fans standing behind me. Their 3 hour set was mighty impressive, complete with explosions, fire, and that much-hyped "Snake Pit," which is, well, a pit in the center of the stage for the bands friends to watch the action and even, to some extent, be a part of it. Getting back to the music, Metallica was tight was hell, which is great, except when it seems that they're just playing the damn record, right down to IDENTICAL guitar solos. Neither Alex nor I do any "head banging" but we sing along with the songs we know, and generally have a pretty good time. Three hours is a long time for the average moe, but diehard Metallica fans could've taken much, much more.

Ever since I've been reading Jersey Beat, I've gotten the impression that the single most important rule of concertgoing is NEVER, EVER leave before the last band goes on. (The "headliner," if you will.) Well, we just had to break that rule due to our lack of physical stamina and the simple fact that neither of us were really fired up to see Guns N Roses.

What can I say to sum it all up? I can tell you that this even was just than - an EVENT. I've really learned the value of watching live music in a smaller, cozy setting. It make it touch down a lot deeper and makes it a lot more enjoyable. Despite the general stupidity of this whole thing, it's safe to say we both had a pretty good time nonetheless.

Billy: They believe their own lies. Ego is a substitution for a lack of accounting. If they have enough ego, they don't audit what they're making.

Q: Most of the bands who will be reading this would kill to be in your shoes. So it's funny to hear you saying that you don't consider yourselves successful yet.

Billy: You're never getting what you think you are. That's what to tell them.

Mike: It's a fucking process. But after that process comes another process. If you are in a band that's lucky enough to get on a label, lucky enough to put out records, lucky enough to tour, then what are you fucking giving it? After you've done all that part, now it's your time to say something. Do you have anything to fucking say musically? Are you trying to progress and develop? That's what's important, not how much money you make. Because if you ever get to that point by doing it any other way, I think you'll feel like shit. It's not your own child. If you compromise and sell out and do it the easy way, you get there and you say, what is that? That's not me.

Billy: It's like a band from Germany that will sing in English just to sell more records abroad. That may be the easier way to go, but why? Hold your guns. If you do your best, I'm a firm believer that a little hard work and you know, a little bit of self-confidence, you can do what you need to do.

Mike: No matter what. It's just a matter of how much you're willing to do. Whether it's a matter of endurance, of lasting until it comes.

Billy: Shit, man, when we first started playing, I just wanted to get on a record label. I'm tired of this shit, I'm tired of being broke, let them exploit me, I don't care, anything's better than this.

Mike: Even before that, before you're making records, you're making demo tapes and sending them out. It's all steps, it's all a process. And you gotta make those decisions every step of the way,

and then live with it.

Billy: He was talking to a friend of ours, Cliff who used to be in Metallica, and we asked him how his band is going, and he's like, man, we don't even have a manager. And he goes, man, that's like step five, you should be thinking about step two. Which makes total sense. We weren't thinking like that, we were always saying, how come you're doing all this stuff and we're just doing this shit? But if you do follow the steps, one step follows the other.

Mike: And then along the way there are all these different perceptions you get sold. Like this room. This room is a myth, fancy penthouse with paintings and a fireplace and shit. What do you think of us in this room? I mean, that's a myth. Usually we're in some crummy room with socks all over the place. Look around, you see any socks in here?

Billy: This is the music business capital of the world, this country. And to see how much influence this area has over everything else, and to see what the levels of power, chain of command, that's need to maintain this machine, and the amount of myth it takes to fill in all the holes that don't jive, is incredible. It's fascinating. And I'm not even being political. It's completely economic. It doesn't matter who's president. It's all in these offices in these corporations here in New York.

And people are just living lies.

Q: So how have you guys come to cope with all this? Do you just hire somebody to watch your money for you, or do you keep an eye on everything yourselves?

Mike: Money's weird though. If you wanna do something with it, like invest it or get a house or a car, whatever you decide to do with some of it, you always need more. You never have enough to do exactly what you want. It's more about balancing, figuring out what you can do and what you should do.



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Billy: It's a very clever system, because the more you come to depend on the system, the more you become a part of the system. The more you depend on the system, the more you don't want to see the system fail. Like, say I wanted to start a record label and just sign all the bands I like. But to pay for it, I have to be making money at this other angle. And so you're misled into thinking that you're doing something for yourself as an individual, whereas what you're actually doing is maintaining the myth, you're furthering a myth, and you're keeping a machine going. You're just a little foot soldier. It's a very ingenious design.

Mike: It's kind of like these things that had in the 70's, these pyramid games? You get all these other people above you to do it, and then they have to get people to do it, or otherwise the whole pyramid falls.

Billy: The best advice we can give to bands who read your fanzines is just fuck everybody, play shows in garages, and speak Albanian if you're from Albania.

Mike: Just play when you can.

Billy: Do what you want. Make yourself satisfied.

Q: There's one more thing I was always curious about. When the video of "Epic" became such a huge hit on MTV, were you at all surprised? Because that song sounds like the last thing in the world that I'd expect millions of people to go crazy over.

Billy: It was the song that we liked best on the record. That's the weird thing. The most surprising thing is that our instincts were correct. We were told, when we made that video, that Warner Brothers had decided to let us make one more video, and it'd probably be the last video we got to make, because the label had decided that the record was finished and wasn't going to sell. So when we heard that, we said, fuck it, then we're going to do what we want and get some satisfaction out of it. Because we came out of nowhere and didn't do what we wanted. We let them do it, and came up with a horrible piece of shit. So we're gonna do what we want. And "Epic" was a surprise to everybody, the record company, management. But for us, it was a big source of satisfaction because that was the point where we stepped in and used our own instincts and it paid. And since then, we learned that our instincts were

correct. When this new record came out, the record company gave us heat again, about, this is a bullshit record, you're alienating your public, blah blah blah. And we went through that and our instincts again have been correct. It was really interesting to see that firsthand, not to read about it in a book but to see it.

Mike: The point again being is that you do because you think there's something in it, there's some value to it. That's why you do it. Not because of any bullshit about record deals. A step. Give it some time.

Q: So do you have any advice for our readers to close this out?

You've got a whole summer with Guns N Roses and Metallica ahead of you.

Billy: Yeah, if anybody out there reading this magazine wants to come see us, I would say, don't go to this concert, wait until we come around again on our own tour. Don't sit through all that shit and go spending all that money. If we can, and we get the power, we'll put on a really cool show. Get some really good band to open, and we won't have to play so much politics. Maybe we'll buy ourselves some space on this tour.

It's very clever, because the more you become part of the system, the more you depend on the system. You're misled into thinking you're...an individual, and actually, you're just furthering the myth.

DO YOU HAVE AN IMAGE PROBLEM?



**record, c.d. & cassette
packaging**

cartoons & caricatures

logo's & identities

**illustration &
photography**





DESIGN FOR INDEPENDENT MUSIC



Welly 1 Aberdulais Road Gabalfa Cardiff CF4 2PH Wales U.K.

by Jim Testa

LETCH PATROL. You may have heard the name, but the odds are you've never heard their music. For close to a decade, Letch Patrol has been more an ongoing publicity stunt than a real band, with a constantly changing lineup anchored only by guitarist Chicken John and the mad monk of scum rock, Harris Pankin. The band's gimmicks have become the stuff of legend -- the New Music Seminar cassette without any tape in it, the full-page color pinup in the national teen magazine, the time they showed up at CBGB's

Chicken: I hate to break tradition and be honest, but I'm just going to play it by ear. If there's something I don't like, and it's something I can react to and do a publicity stunt, I'll do it. If there's some injustice in this world that I can somehow right -- comically -- I will. But in the meantime, we're gonna do some gigs.

Brewster: I think that's just a bonus now. We don't need all the gimmicks anymore because the music is better.

Chicken: It's a real band. There are real people who can actually play

Will The Real Letch Patrol Please Stand Up?

ScumFest and lip-synched to their "Axe To Grind" single...

But now Harris is gone too, and there's a new Letch Patrol, one that's out to make a name for itself as a band, not just a bunch of entertaining press releases. With Chicken on lead guitar, the new lineup revolves around vocalist Johnny Puke, something of a legend in his own right as both a spoken word performance artist and a writer (including frequent pieces in this zine.) John Watson on rhythm guitar, Guy Brewster on drums, and Donald Tom on bass complete the new lineup.

But is a Letch Patrol without a genuine letch like Harris still Letch Patrol? We put the question to the band, assembled at their Times Square rehearsal space shortly before the start of their Fall '92 national tour...

Q: So, you've got a whole new lineup and all new songs, why are you still calling this Letch Patrol?

Chicken: It's not all new songs and it's not all new people. When I inducted John Watson into this particular version of Letch Patrol, he was given his member ID and his member number. He's Letch Patrol member No.56. Fifty-six members I've had in this band, including three singers, one of which nobody ever saw. It's still called Letch Patrol because it's the same thing it was when it started. It's the same concept and we're doing all the same things, just without Harris. It's always been me, and I'm still here. And it's getting us \$300 guarantees out of town, whereas if I called the band Duct Tape or Slapback or some other name I've thought of using, we'd get \$50 or no guarantees. If it's going to bring the extra 10 people out to see us...

Puke: ...then it's totally worth it.

Chicken: ...then I'm an asshole. I'm an asshole for using my name of my band. But hey, I can't start from scratch, I'm getting too old for this. Anyway, have you ever actually seen the old Letch Patrol?

Q: Several times. I saw you lip synch at Scum Fest.

Chicken: That's just part of it, just a publicity stunt. One of hundreds that I did. There used to be five publicity stunts for every gig we ever did. And every time we played a live show with Harris, it was always hired musicians, paid almost union rate, just to get these idiots to stay in the same room with Harris, let alone play with him.

Puke: Brewster was one of those.

Chicken: Brewster used to get paid \$100 to do Letch Patrol gigs. When he heard that I lost Harris, he said, okay, I'll play with you now if you have a real singer.

Q: As you said, in the past there were more publicity stunts than real gigs. Is that going to change now that you have a "real" band to play with?

Johnny
Puke, lead
singer of the
new improved
LETCH PATROL



and will show up and stuff. It's an interesting experience for me because I've never done it this way before. We'll see, maybe I'll hate it.

Puke: In the space of one month, this September, we'll do twice as many gigs as Letch Patrol did in the past seven years.

Chicken: Ian MacKaye - "Change is good."

Q: So how did you find all these new guys?

Chicken: Watson and Brewster are veterans. Donald is a friend of a veteran. He shows promise, he's been playing his instrument two months. John Watson has played in every band from here to there and hell and back.

Q: Any bands we might have heard of?

Watson: Puppetshow. Smiling Jack. A couple more you haven't heard of.

Chicken: I don't really have a master plan of what I'm gonna do. I kicked Harris out of the band out of sheer frustration, and Johnny Puke was there and said, oh, I'll sing. It was very loose.

Puke: I didn't think he was serious when I said I'd do it.

Chicken: And now here he is. Moved out of his house, left his state, came to New York, and is living in my fucking loft.

Q: On the other hand, as somebody once said about somebody else, he had no where else to go.

Chicken: Where else did you have to go. Johnny? The army? Or the Hare Krishnas?

Puke: No, I could've gotten a decent job and I was living very nicely in South Carolina.

Q: Over the last two years you've done the Johnny Puke spoken word tour and you've got a reputation for stunts yourself, like blowing things up on stage and pissing in Donny The Punk's mouth at your CBGB show. Do you feel like you're going to be playing "Can You Top This" on the Letch Patrol tour, competing with your own reputation?

Puke: That might happen. It seems very contrived to talk about it beforehand. The thing that's different between the spoken word tour and Letch Patrol is that there's four other people on stage with me with the band. So everything has to be a group thing, the group comes first and I come second. So right now I'm trying to keep everything separate. I'll probably do another spoken word tour when the Letch Patrol tour is over.

Chicken: It's what you make it. You have to have the right ingredients. We're playing punk rock music. I have a job, a life and a business. I could easily get four guys together and rent a Winnebago and play some kind of shit, and just be some kind of self-serving thing. But this is the scene. It has nothing to do with shaving your head or whatever. We have a \$200 van I got from the junkyard. And this is music that's not made to please anybody. You've got to be true to what you set out to do. If you set out to be a punk rock band, people aren't going to want to come to your major label showcase and see 25 minutes of precisely tuned, precisely timed songs that are in the perfect order. That's something I've never done and never will. We want to do something spectacular and pretty cool without prostituting myself or anybody else.

Q: Let's ask the new kid (Donald) something. Did you know who Chicken or Johnny Puke was before you were asked to join the band?

Brewster: He knew me. He used to be a drummer and I gave him drum lessons. And he still is a drummer. But we needed a bass player.

Puke: He auditioned for the band before I even moved up here and didn't get the gig. And then when I got up here, it was like, let's try that guy out again. Chicken didn't like him because he played with his fingers, with the bass up high like the Chili Peppers.

Chicken: He played like those funk guys, with the bass chafing his chin. Then he did this godawful thing, he took his thumb and struck the bass. That's called slapping, and it doesn't happen within 50 feet of me.

Puke: A few months later, we tried him again and two rehearsals later, he was in.

Chicken: Now he plays with the big fucking picks, and he breaks them too. Then he sticks them on his forehead, which is the prescribed method.

Puke: I think we just answered Don's question for him.

Q: (to Don) So what's this been like so far?

Donald: It's great, it's fuckin' awesome. The music that we're playing is exactly what I want to do. This is the band I want to be in.

Q: When you go home and turn on your stereo, what would you listen to?

Donald: I listen to hardcore. I don't listen to pop records.

Q: Is this your first band?

Donald: I was in a hardcore band before this. We didn't go nowhere, nobody ever heard of us. I played drums in that band.

Q: You're way too tan to be in Letch Patrol, though.

Don: Yeah, I know. It's 'cause I just got back from the shore.

Puke: It's because he's a Guido!

Q: How about Dr. Watson? How do you feel about joining one of the most notorious bands in punk rock?

Watson: I'm overwhelmed.

Puke: He didn't want to join the band either. He was afraid of me.

Watson: I didn't hesitate to join, especially when I found out about our tour. It sounded like the band was doing more than most bands and were doing it their way, without jumping on any kind of bandwagon.

Puke: Tell the story about ABC No Rio.

Chicken: Well, Johnny got drunk and Johnny didn't like our old bass player, Greta.

Puke: ReGret-a.

Chicken: Yeah, anyway, Johnny hated her because she didn't like him drinking. Which she dug her own little grave doing that. So John Watson was at this show at ABC and I introduced him to Johnny and said he was a guitar player. And Puke goes, "Guitar? Bass player! You can play bass! Join our band!" And he started grabbing John's shirt and slobbering. "You gotta join our band, we have this stupid bitch." And this went on for an hour, until finally John Watson just ran away. And while he's running away, Johnny is shouting after him, "So can you make rehearsal Monday night?"

Puke: And now, here he is, on guitar.

Q: So do you think this band will go as far as Stetz?

Chicken: Hey, Stetz was cool, Stetz had good tunes. And I was really good friends with the drummer, Wayne Russo. But the singer, that Brian guy. I didn't get him for a long time, and then when I finally got him, I realized I had to get away from him. But I honestly have to say that when I



LETC PATROL

was playing with Stetz in bowling alleys, I had nothing better to do. I wasn't playing, I was bored. Harris was in the mental hospital. And if I had never played with Stetz, I never would have played in a bowling alley, which is an experience I'll never forget. You should listen to the Stetz tape, there's some good stuff on it.

Puke: I heard Stetz. They were total shit!

Chicken: I'll never have another opportunity to play in a bowling alley, or to play in a bar band like that.

Puke: Never say never!

Q: You've toured with G.G. too, haven't you?

Chicken: I don't want to talk about it.

Puke: Here's the best thing that just came out. Chicken was in Right Said Fred. Honest. For about five minutes.

Chicken: I did many rehearsals with that band and a couple of gigs. But they weren't called Right Said Fred yet. But at the time I was in the band, they were very hot, we played the New Music Seminar, and they were called Trash, Flash & Money. And they were great. They were like Billy Idol, but better.

Puke: They were gonna fly him over to England. He'd be on MTV right now if he had paid \$1000 for a plane ticket.

Chicken: I didn't want to relocate to England.

Q: You wouldn't have looked right in that video anyway.

Chicken: Fuckin' right, buddy.

Q: You would've had to join a gym and pump up.

Chicken:
: You have to remember this was in 1988. I was a cute and little then. Now I'm old and fat.

Q :
: Speaking of being cute and little, do we want to talk about where you got the name "Chicken John?"

A I I :
: Oooooo oh.

Chicken:
: I'll just answer that question with this:

New York City is a big, scary place. And I don't have a whole lot of people like family who helped me when I came here to find an

apartment and stuff. I lived in C squat when I came to New York, and I was 17 and had no place to stay. C squat was a great experience though. It was this squat on Avenue C and one night the city just showed up with a bulldozer and a wrecking ball and wrecked the place. People died. It was like, uh oh, here comes the wrecking ball, better jump out the window!

Q: Let's go back to the band, like some of the new songs. I see you have a song called "Maximum Rock N Roll" that talks about some of our favorite columnists?

Chicken: We've been doing that song for a while but we never did it live. It's the Dr. Hook song, "Cover Of The Rolling Stone," with new lyrics. It's pretty funny.

Q: What's the one I said sounded like Green Day?

Puke: "Louise." It's about the fat Greek woman who books CBGB.

Chicken: It's my love song to Louise. I love Louise. Everybody says she's a bitch and hard to deal with. But I think she's beautiful.

Brewster: Yeah, but describe what your ultimate woman is. Chicken's dream woman is 500 pounds with hair on her back.

Puke: Bad tattoos and a mustache. He says he's sick of having model girlfriends, so he goes out of his way to find beauty in the ugliest skag on the street.

Chicken: But Louise is pretty. Have you ever talked to her when she wasn't going. "Not now, I'm busy, I can't give you a gig now, come back later..."

Q: I've never talked to Louise. If I did, I'd probably grab her by the throat and strangle her until she told me why she books all my



Chicken, Puke, Donald and Watson in their rehearsal space

favorite bands and puts them on at 4 in the morning.

But anyway, going back to the band, are you going to try and get a

LETC PATROL II: Revenge Of The Nerds

The first time I ever heard the name Letch Patrol was in 1985 or 1986, at a meeting of the Alternative Press & Radio Council. A burnt-out wild-eyed crank named Harris Pankin handed me a demo (actually, it was a beat-up cassette that wasn't even in a plastic case) and told me to review it, and then give it back to him when I was done. At that time, Reagan's budget cuts had dumped a small army of mental patients on New York's streets (the beginning of New York's mammoth homeless problem) and I assumed that Harris was one of those poor unfortunates who had somehow stumbled into our meeting.

Later I learned that there really was a Letch Patrol, and Harris really was their singer -- until earlier this year, when (as detailed in our other Letch Patrol interview), he was "fired" Harris retaliated by forming his own Letch Patrol (there are enough ex-Letch Patrol members in New York to start six bands), and a week before the Chicken John-Letch Patrol was to leave on tour, the Harris-Letch Patrol debuted at CBGB. Although there's a greater chance that CBGB will be demolished by a meteor before this particular band ever plays another show, we decided in all fairness to give Harris equal time. - Jim Testa

Letch Patrol II was interviewed by Glenn Dornfeld. Photos by Jim Testa.



Q: I'm here outside CBGB with the members of Letch Patrol. You're calling yourselves Letch Patrol II now?

Harris: That was a joke just for the show.

George: The members of the band are Harris Pankin...

Harris: Harris-ment. Delete Pankin. Don't ever call me that.

George: Greg Pierce the drummer. Mark Rentzler, guitar. George Tabb, guitar. And Nick Martin, bass.

Mark: That's Mark Rentzler, lead guitar extraordinaire.

Q: Who here is an original member of Letch Patrol?

All: I am! I am! (laughter)

Harris: No, the only original members of Letch Patrol who are here are me and Greg. The rest of you are posers!

Mark: Me and George are actually the second guitar players are Letch Patrol. We replaced Pablo, who was a junkie who's dead now.

Q: What's the scheme with the other people who are playing as Letch Patrol?

single out or something that you can sell from the back of the van on this big tour?

Chicken: I want to put out a record, but I don't feel any of the material we're doing now, we'll still be doing in six months. When I put out a record, I want it to be a record I'll want to repress many times.

Q: Do you think, on this tour, that you're going to be running into a lot of preconceptions, because of what people have read and heard about you and Harris, and Scum Rock, and so forth?

Chicken: What do you think people are gonna expect. That we're gonna stumble on stage stoned on heroin and throw up all over them?

Q: I think they might expect something like that, based on what's been in fanzines about you guys and Scum Rock.

Chicken: It's up to them. I've played with G.G. Allin and we've played the set and we've walked offstage and gotten our money and got in the van and we're gone inside two hours, because the audience didn't do anything. And I've been at G.G. shows where I've actually said, "Please, God, I'm coming, forgive me. I've actually done a lot of good things in my life but these fucking Chicano kids here are gonna here in San Antonio, Texas, are not going to let us leave here alive."

Puke: I don't know where to get heroin in Texas.

Brewster: We'll have to stock up.

Q: Gee, Donald, you're gonna love prison.

Puke: We've told Donald we're gonna get him strung out on this tour.

Chicken: He lives with his parents now. He's gonna get in the van

and in three days, he'll be strung out on heroin and calling home for money.

Brewster: He'll look good on stage though.

Chicken: If the audience reacts in a negative way, it just feeds me, at least. Let 'em throw bottles.

Q: Besides George Tabb and Harris, are there any other ex-Letch Patrols who went on to become famous?

Chicken: Cheetah Chrome was actually in Letch Patrol and did one gig. Pete Marshall, who's a very good friend of mine, was in the band for a while. Richie Stotts (Dictators), Bobby Steele (Undead)...

Puke: Lilly Braindrop.

Chicken: She was on our first single. I can name drummers who now have big gigs. The guy in Mighty, Mighty Bosstones. Nick Martin, who'd be in the band right now if the False Prophets weren't being courted by Sony. Don't you just hate that?

Puke: Nick was in the Stimulators and the Deans Of Discipline.

Q: Any final comments?

Puke: Put the address in there. Chicken?

Chicken: No matter where you go, there you are.

You can write Letch Patrol c/o Johnny Puke, 151 First Ave Box A, New York NY 10003.

Harris: I refuse to comment on that. There is no other Letch Patrol!

Mark: Who are you talking about?

Q: There's another band that played as Letch Patrol.

Harris: I don't think so. They don't exist.

Mark: In the clinical sense. Chicken John, our wayward brother...

Harris: WAY wayward! Loser!

Mark: ...stole another old drummer, and some other guys, and they're going on tour, stealing our name. There will of course be a lawsuit.

Q: What material will they be playing?

Mark: All the songs that I wrote.

Harris: All the songs that I wrote!!

Mark: Who wrote "Axe To Grind?" Who wrote all the songs we wrote that we ripped off from Motley Crue and Metallica? All the songs I ripped off from Motley Crue and Metallica?

Q: George, have you ever played with any form of Letch Patrol before?

George: Yeah, in the early 70's, when Ozzy was singing with us.

Mark: We toured England in '74 with that lineup and influenced bands like the Sex Pistols and the Damned.

Harris: Hey, we've used that joke before, guys.

Q: What material are you playing tonight? Is it old material, or is it new material for this show?

Mark: It's newer than us.

Harris: It's material. It's a material world.

Q: Is this a one-shot deal, or are you guys together as a band?

Harris: Mark's going to Israel, George is married, that loses him all the way. Greg is, I believe, from the insane asylum. And I'm out to lunch.

Mark: We're not going to tour for at least two years. We're going to continue to rehearse the way Letch Patrol has rehearsed for the last ten years. What we do is hook up all our speaker phones together, through special cables, and hook them up to amplifiers. We never really see each other, we just call each other up and rehearse over the phone.

George: Basically, it's like this. We're waiting for a major label to approach us. What's happening right now is that MCA and RCA are both interested in us, however Geffen has made a firm bid. So any labels out there, if you're interested, we're still taking bids.

Q: Greg, why are you involved in this nonsense.

Greg: Uhhh...

Harris: Beer and whiskey and cheap women.

Greg: Yeah, it's the chicks. They go for Letch Patrol guys.

Mark: That's how we get girlfriends. We find girlfriends who want to break into show business and tell them they can be Letchettes.

George: The reason we're doing this show is that Harris put this whole band together because he wanted to impress his girlfriend. Harris comes to us and says, the ting is dis, my girlfren, she never seen me play! So we put this whole show together, and of course she dumps him right before the show anyway.

Q: Plans after this gig?

George: I plan to go back to my house in South Dakota, being a Republican, and registering a gun.

Greg: I wanna go get something to eat.

Harris: Try to get laid.

George: Can I ask the questions? Harris, how many times a week do you take a shower?

Harris: Three times a week, when the shower's working.

George: And how long has the shower been broken in your apartment? Why do you smell so bad when you come to rehearsal?

Harris: The shower's been broken.

Greg: Go away, you're silly.



Schoolboys in disgrace: Chicken may be on tour but we have better costumes!

by Wayne Garcia

The Fast Lane, Asbury Park. Into the middle of this comes Boston's Lemonheads. Having just released a great album on Atlantic Records, Evan Dando - the sole remaining original Lemonhead - has taken his current lineup (Nic Dalton on bass, David Ryan on drums) on tour with fellow Bostonian (and ex-Blake Baby) Juliana Hatfield.

It's A Shame About Ray consists of 12 songs, with the entire disc coming in at just under 30 minutes. The brevity of the album is matched by the economy of the songwriting; each tune runs its course beautifully, then ends

there were these beautiful marbles in the bottom on the goldfish bowl, and we took 'em out and put 'em in two peanut butter jars and me and this guy went (he makes the sound of two marbles swirling around the bottom of a glass jar.) Y'know, that weird sound there in the song? That's the marbles. And the end is two coffee cups rubbing together (he makes the sound and motions with his hands.)

Someone mentioned to me, at this particular show, how it's been a long time, the Lemonheads. How do you feel about the group's progression since Hate Your Friends?

Evan: I'm really glad we haven't, if you're asking about popularity, I'm glad we haven't gotten really big 'cause I feel really good at this point. I feel like I can be a normal person and I think that whenever people get big, with a couple of

exceptions, they always start to suck. It's weird. And I don't wanna suck, man. So I think this *Ray* record is a risky record. With the Nirvana record, I could've made a record like that, I really could've.

This record is really stripped down, I was wondering if that was intentional or...

Evan: Yes. Simplicity. And shortness, and concentrating on just simple songwriting.

I think that as a songwriter, you've really grown.

Evan: Thank you, man. That feels really good to hear. I can't believe that I can write songs. I never knew I could. The first song that I really wrote that was like a real song when I wrote it was "Ride With Me."

I love the acoustic version you did of that.

Evan: Me too. That's my favorite one. It starts off with Manson going, "Now what was we talkin' about?" These girls are laughing and Manson's going, "What was we talkin' 'bout?" and it goes right into it. That song has some Manson quotes in it. Umm, "...to know you know is to know it," is a Manson guru quote. The people that produced our record lived next door to Charlie Manson in '68, right up there on Santa Susana Pass Road.

(We hear "Come As You Are" playing upstairs in the club and Evan sings, "The choice is yours, don't be late" and laughs.)

Do you like Nirvana?

Evan: Yeah, they're hot. I love 'em. The only problem is their songs get a little bit too the same.

It's strange having a band you like being underground, and getting so big.

Evan: I dig "Lithium." I think that's an amazing song. I love "About A Girl," it's so Beatles-y.

Somebody told me you were listening to Revolver while

LEMONHEADS

without a lot of fuss. Evan Dando's skill as songwriter has grown, especially since the departure of Ben Dely in '88, and songs on Ray are more personal than previously. The effort as a whole is undoubtedly the Lemonheads' most focused and complete record to date.

I spoke to Evan shortly after a sweaty and successful show at CBGB (after the last song, he plopped down on the stage and hung out with his fans for a while), and arranged this interview for the next night in Asbury Park.

I hate this place (the Fast Lane)

Evan: I love it. Around here, this town. It's all so decrepit and broken down.

How did you hook up with Gunnar Nelson (who appears on the album)?

Evan: We were at the studio recording *Ray*. It was like he was there during the first two weeks, every day. He was producing a metal band, and me and him got on a little bit. Like, y'know, it was a little bit of a joke thing, like it was funny, me and Gunnar Nelson. But it turned out that he's a really nice guy and I was like, I made him sing that "ooo wee ooo" thing because it's from the Ed Sanders book, *The Family*, about the Manson family. After Ed writes something really weird, he writes "ooo eee ooo." So I was thinking, Ricky Nelson, L.A. family, I'm gonna make this guy sing an Ed Sanders thing.

What song is that on?

Evan: "Alison's Starting To Happen." Y'know, where it goes "ooo eee ooo."

That's definitely a strange connection. I was wondering how it came about. When I saw his name on the credits, I was wondering exactly what he did on the album.

Evan: He just sang "Ooo eee ooo." Also, I made my own percussion instruments for that. I hit a cowbell with a fork and then the goldfish, the Siamese fighting fish we had, they both died while we were making the record, and

recording this album.

Evan: No, we were listening to the *White Album* during the riots in L.A. after we recorded it. We were listening to "Helter Skelter" really loud and I was living at Johnny Depp's house. Me and him got to be really good friends. These are his shoes right here (puts his foot up on the couch to show me his black leather shoes.) Like we traded shoes. Me and Johnny just get along really well for some reason.

He seems really cool

Evan: He is really cool. He's got a huge heart. But anyway, this album is inspired by things like Television Personalities, the first Television Personalities album, *Look Back In Anger*. You should check it out if you haven't heard it. And also all this stuff by my friends from Australia, Nic's music. He has this label, Half A Cow.

What inspired you to do "Frank Mills" (from the musical "Hair")?

Evan: I just wanted to, like, I wanted people to remember their childhood. I think that's an important thing. I thought that a lot of people our age would remember their childhood when they hear that song.

How old are you now?

Evan: 25

So how old were you when you did Hate Your Friends?

Evan: Ah... 19.

So when you were 19 and in Boston, there were the Moving Targets and Mission of Burma happening...

Evan: Mission of Burma was my main influence as far as Boston bands.

So what's it like now as compared to back then?

Evan: In Boston? I've lost touch with the Boston scene since '89. I've been on tour since then. I've gone to Europe with the band eight times since '89 and also I went with Juliana, we did a tour. And I've been to Australia three times in the last ten months, so I haven't been in Boston much.

What happened to Ben Deily?

Evan: He got more into school. He said he wouldn't do gigs and stuff and so he had to be kicked out.

Did Jesse Peretz leave for the same reason?

Evan: Jess left to do his film stuff. He just made the Helmet video and he made our new video, and he made the Superchunk video. Through Johnny Depp, I hooked him up with Julian Temple's company, Nitrate.

It seemed like he was more into still photography.

Evan: What he really wants to do is make films, but right now he's just making videos.

So where are things heading?

Evan: I don't, I don't see it. I don't pre-determine what's going to happen to me. I just wanna make another couple of records before I die.



EVAN DANDO, the last living Lemonhead Photo by Doreen Kirchner

by Kris Nicholson

I first began to notice the Senseless Things when their name began to show up frequently in Melody Maker about a year ago. What moved me to check them out was an interview in which the band's lead singer, Mark Keds, extolled the virtues of Minneapolis groups most near and dear to him. Singing the praises of Husker Du and Soul Asylum would've been enough, but when he revealed the Replacements to be his nearest and dearest, well, let's just say I started scouting for anything they'd ever recorded.

Call it synchronicity, call it coincidence, but within 24 hours I had my hands on the advance cassette of their American debut on Epic Records, modestly christened *The First Of Too Many*. I'm a pushover for a band with a sense of humor, and find good-natured, self-deprecation charming, and what's this song title here? "19 Blue?" Finally, I'd discovered someone as nuts about the 'Mats as I am. Of course, this was just the beginning of the whole "thing." Minutes later, I took a gander at a pic of four adorable rock musician-types, sitting on a rooftop, staring and grinning. It was a perfect mock up of the cover of the Replacements' *Let It Be!* Ok, now I'm gone, totally gone.

I called up the record company, scheduled an interview, and got down to listening to the tape. To my (pleasant) surprise, I found guitar-driven punk/pop with the fastest drumbeats going, on a collection that included 16 of the catchiest little ditties I'd heard in quite some time. Even more to my liking, the Sensies didn't sound anything like the 'Mats. Good. Too many musicians try to imitate the bands they idolize, and it's usually a big disappointment. Not this time.

Just days before my interview, I saw the Sensies live and they blew me away, almost literally. Not since the Goo Goo Dolls had I witnessed such endless, boundless, good-natured boyish energy. Not since Redd Kross had anyone done a hair dance as good as lead singer Mark Keds. How he avoids whiplash is beyond me.

Now, the 'Things on record are good, bordering on great, but not yet as totally brilliant as they are live. On *The First Of Too Many*, more than a handful of tunes stand out -- "Easy To Smile," "Everybody's Gone," "Radio Spiteful," to name a few. The best songs feature smooth - not slick - soaring harmonies, melodies too sweet to be noise, and punk to manic to be just power-pop. The only drawback is

that some of the numbers sound too similar. Still if you like this record just a little, you'll love the band live.

Finally, the day came. I interviewed lead singer, songwriter, guy with cool hair Mark and no-less-effervescent, likeable, and mischievous bassist, Morgan. After winning Mark over by bringing him a present (*Let It Be* on blue vinyl), I began by pointing out that their lp didn't

prepare me for their exhilarating live show.

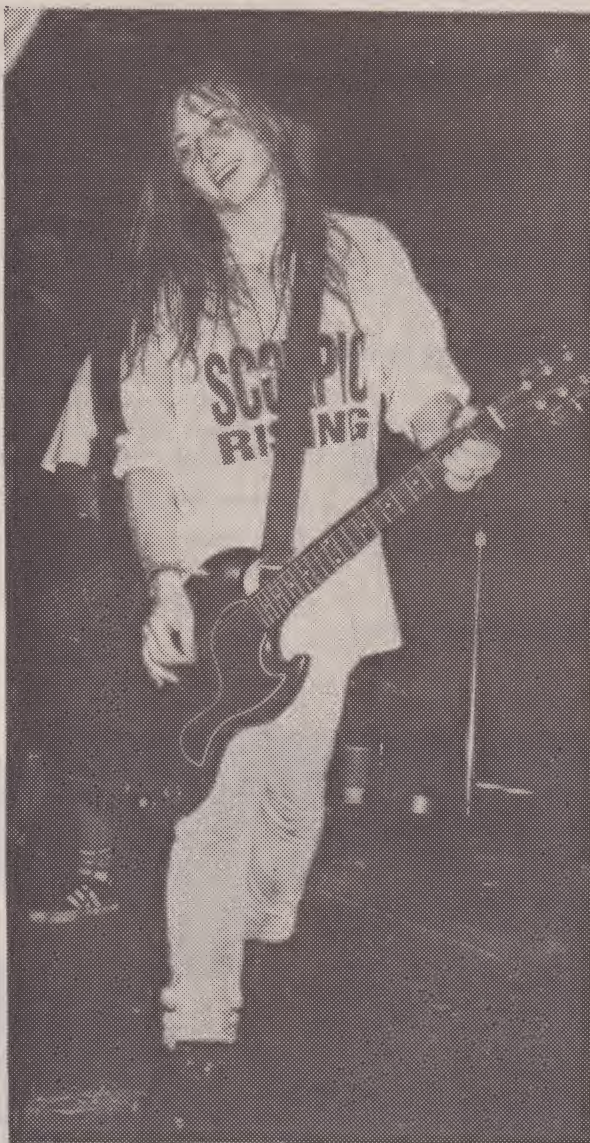
"Yeah," Mark jumped in, "I know what you mean. Our music has been kind of all over the place (on record) but I think 'Easy To Smile' is closer to us live." "Smile," the only track on the album produced by Ralph Jeppard, was recorded as a single in the U.K. and quickly added as an extra track to the American release.

Mark continued, "When I wrote that song, I knew it was the best thing I'd written so far." As a humbling afterthought, he mumbled something to the effect that he still hasn't gotten the songwriting thing down yet. After more than five Senseless years, a handful of English Ep's and an album, incessant touring that won them respect as one of their country's hardest working bands, and considering the fact that Mark is barely into his twenties, Mark seems destined for songwriting greatness, like the tasteful role models he wears like hearts on his sleeve.

Good taste indeed! In a September '91 *Melody Maker* story covering their performance at last year's Reading Festival, Mark had the foresight to offer, "Get to the festival early to see Nirvana" as one of the essential survival tips for the event. (Remember, this was before *Nevermind* had come out.) On any given night, you'll see Mark sporting a huge Mega City 4 tee and covering at least one of their songs. Though the MC4 are contemporaries to whom the Sensies are often compared, the 'Things tend to effervesce and rip where the Megas wax melancholic and contemplative. So while both appeal to similar audiences, the Megas' minor keys tend to stick to the ears and heart in more sentimental ways than the Sensies'.

At their CBGB's debut last Spring, Mark announced, "I've got a bone for Wiz" (Mega City 4's lead singer) and promptly covered one of their tunes, along with a stirring version of the Replacements' "Answering Machine."

Because of moments like that, I was able to forgive Mark when he cited Tama Jamowitz as his favorite writer. And in turn, he forgave me when I insinuated he had a short attention span. "So, you like short stories?" I asked. He pretended to slap me across the face and replied sarcastically, "No, I like long novels like..." I half expected him to say *Moby Dick* but he didn't. Too much of a gentleman, I guess. Besides, he seemed like he was having fun.



SENSELESS THINGS



Mark did say yes when I suggested *War And Peace* as an example. And he pointed out that "American Dad," a very pretty Sensies song by the way, was inspired by an earlier Jamowitz work. AND a novel! The song made me want to read the book. (Well, almost.)

The one topic Mark and Morgan couldn't stop talking about was Fugazi. They'd just seen them, loved them, and couldn't understand why all the kids who bought *Nevermind* weren't just as enthusiastically buying Fugazi records. I liked the idea myself. But, as we all hated to admit, we didn't see it happening... yet.

As the interview came to a close, Mark sprung from his seat and asked, "How about a bit of 'Mats before you go?'" Before I could answer, he'd already produced a CD and turned "Favorite Thing" up to an appropriate 11 on the volume control.

Hmmm, "Favorite Thing(s)." Not a bad headline for this story....



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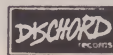
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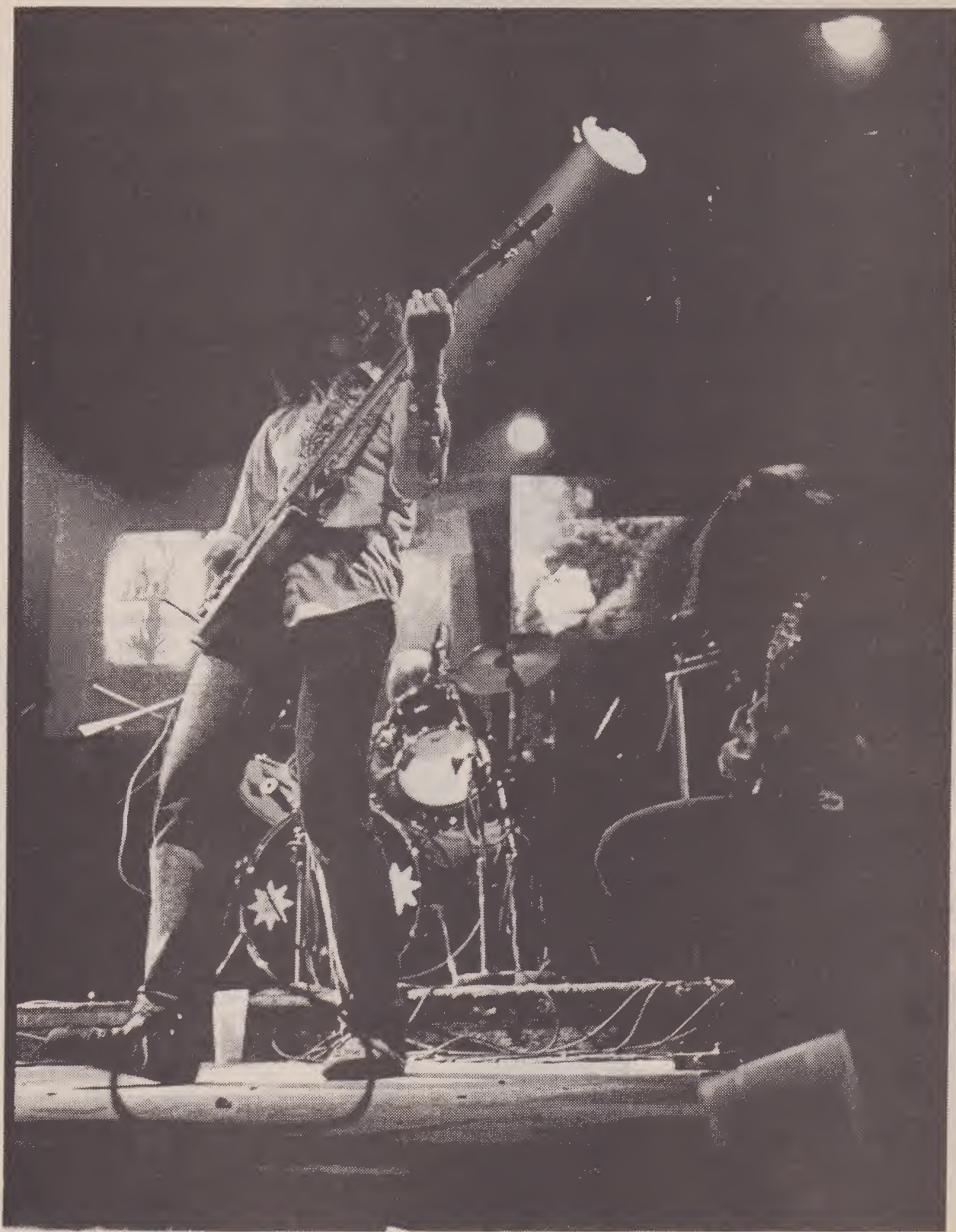
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by Beatrice Victors

The Thing is more than just a band and its music, it's a way of life. The essence of The Thing is the ideas and the sub-culture the band is creating for itself to live in. Founded by guitarist Sal Canzonieri, The Thing has been growing at a steady pace since 1987. After parting with original vocalist Jesse Ostbaum, the band changed its sound somewhat and became the founder of the Acid-Core scene in NYC, putting on shows featuring such bands as Blood Farmers, Angel Rot, False Front, and Hed. The Thing feels that the Acid-Core shows will help provide fans with a new way to rediscover parts of themselves that were lost or dead, by re-examining old ideas, habits, and taboos.

The band took some time to answer our questions regarding its music and world view.

Q: What's your music all about?

Sean: It's about breaking down the barriers between different musical types and instead of seeing them one after another, consecutively, it's being able to see them all happen at the same time, which is something we have deliberately set out to do and it is something other people have said about our music. I think it's true with other bands in Acid-Core.

Sal: Learn from your life, keep going forwards and try to understand what you're trying to find. If you don't understand what you're trying to find,

you'll crash into a big wall.

Q: What do you want your audiences to draw from your music?

Sean: Living within each moment and taking it for that moment, instead of living in the future or the past; and living life to the fullest that you can manage at any given time.

Q: How would you say the four of you work together?

within yourself and share what you've learned with everyone else.

Q: What do you think the Thing is a part of?

Andy: I think it's a part of a very strong and powerful revolution of sorts - not only musically, but worldwide and power-wise in terms of energies that have been on this planet for a long time. Also, in a lot of ways, our music is a lot truer to the spark that has spurred on musical revolutions that have happened throughout history. I mean, modern music has come as a creation from a lot of similar things that have happened in the past.

Q: Now about Acid-Core, what does it mean and represent?

Sal: That's a tag that people are throwing around - not that it's a label and we're all in this pigeonhole, but the fact that there's a philosophy behind it. Basically, it's like-minded bands, artists, performers -- doesn't matter who you are -- getting together and telling the truth about life.

Q: The truth of life?

Sal: Yes, Acid-Core is about what the

words imply... it's taking the acid test and finding out what's what. We're reality testing and getting to the heart of the matter. When you live with your heart - you're telling the truth and working with truth.

Q: What is an "Acid-Core" band?

Sal: It's bands that believe in playing music for giving it to the people, not just for some jerk off session.

Sean: And for the most part, the bands are bands that are into experimental music where if you see them



A Rorschach Test For The Ears

Sal: We work more as an ensemble with each other, we read each other's cues and feel the music through to get to the end, rather than write crafted pop songs.

Doug: Basically, the total networking of all our energies is put together to share and bring light through us to everyone and make a total positive experience.

Q: Do you have any desired effect in mind?

Doug: Yes, to use music to totally change your inner self, first - look

← THE THING

play the same songs on two different nights, the songs won't be exactly the same. It shows they're into living on the terms of the moment, instead of pre-determining everything and trying to control everything themselves. When you control, you are quite egotistical to consider that you can control everything even within your own given sphere of existence.

Sal: It's really two-sided - interesting, intricate playing balanced with hard gut impact. Music from the soul.

Doug: Variety is encouraged.

Q: What is the mind-set of the Acid-Core bands, in your opinion?

Sean: The music is not from the mind, not through theory. This is music that's written more from the guts, from the soul, if you would, and therefore, it affects people more on that level. And people have a feeling about an Acid-Core show or the music of any of the bands. They like it an awful lot but they don't know exactly why. They try to figure out exactly where it's coming from, but they can't, because it's not coming from something that can be measured on paper.

Sal: It's intensity and power. It's embracing the unknown and loving it.

Q: Who's involved in the Acid-Core scene?

Sean: False Front, for example, is a band that is also considered Acid-

Core. It's made up of people who all have an intersecting...a little bit of an overlap of music that they listen to but basically each member listens to completely different music on their regular primary listening basis. They each bring in their own view of how the music will come out, and so it kinds of goes into one big grinder which doesn't put too much on any one person by constricting them or their creativity. When it comes out, it

ACIDCORE: Prog Rock In Ripped Jeans

"I like to think of AcidCore as a combination of hardcore and acid rock and progressive rock," says Sal Canzonieri, guitarist of The Thing and one of the prime movers in the AcidCore scene. "It's like if bands like Yes happened today, but with the Sex Pistols and the whole punk thing behind them."

The patron saint of the scene is Von Lmo, the enigmatic late 70's prog-rockers with the wraparound shades and computerized light show. Besides The Thing, AcidCore bands include Angel Rot and Immortal from New York, Hed from Connecticut, and False Front from Trenton.

My introduction to the scene came at an AcidCore show at CBGB on July 17. The bands had originally intended to re-decorate the entire club with trippy, psychedelic bunting and props, but owner Hilly Krystal put the kibosh on that idea. "This is CBGB's," he told the bands. "If you don't like the way it looks, go someplace else and play."

The Thing did mount a light show, complete with slides and an array of cheesey psychedelic effects, and Von Lmo got to bring his laser light effects on stage. But hallucinogens and special effects aside, AcidCore is really just Anti-Punk Rock. So it seems fitting that this show should be at CBGBs - every bit of wretched excess from 70's arena-rock that the Ramones tried to wipe out, AcidCore revives with a passion.

A mountain of sludge might be a good way to describe the sound of Trenton's False Front, but in this case it would be a compliment. If Rhys Chatham or Band Of Susans suffered demonic possession, their wall-of-distortion guitar sound might start to take on the mammoth proportions of False Front's mind-melting roar. But there's more to the band than just a yard-thick slab of guitar skronk, there's the singer, an Iggy-esque sprite with a ton of attitude. Let's just say I thought these guys were the coolest new Jersey band I've seen in at least a year.

While Sal Canzonieri's an immensely talented and innovative guitarist, the new sound the Thing has concocted draws from a lot of 70's music I never liked much in the first place -- from Pink Floyd to Vanilla Fudge. If I'm going back to 1969, it's with the Stooges and Velvet Underground, not in some bad biker flick from AIP with Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. If this is AcidCore, then they should invite Monster Magnet and the Flaming Lips to the next show, and pass out lots of drugs at the door.

It'd make the whole thing a lot more tolerable. (Jim Testa)

thus becomes all these styles happening at the same time - not a song that's a few measures metal, and then a few measures of reggae. It's like all styles coming together at one time. I think this is true for all the Acid-Core

bands, but all the people involved in Acid-Core are different. We're not a total clique. It's not about being in a special group. It's about totally changing everything, people changing their whole outlook and realizing that they have the potential to do this.

Q: Does this broaden your potential audience?

Sean: Sure. Each person hears the music differently because they take out a certain thing that appeals most to the forefront of their mind.

Sal: Our music has been referred to as the Rorschach Test for the ears. And we have found there are other bands out there doing thing - thank God. It's like a movement.

Q: A movement...?

Sal: Yeah, there's a movement happening without anyone talking about it. All the other bands that are considered Acid-Core thought they were isolated and they were the only one. It's obviously a grass-roots thing, which is where things change from one way to another. It's time for a change, the

pendulum swings to the other way. It can chop you in half if you're not careful.

Q: What exactly happens at these Acid-Core shows?

Sal: We started booking these shows where we literally take over the club. Artists come and put up their paintings and drawings and slide shows up on the walls. We redo the inside to make it our own atmosphere - light shows, decorations. In between bands, we have performers such as magicians, anything that has the feeling of Acid-Core.

Doug: Everyone involved is interested in everyone else. Not like, "We're here and you're next.." It's like everyone is here, it's one big party.

Q: Any closing comments?

Sal: Our motto is, "Don't condemn your future to be your past."

The Thing has released a Peel Session EP on Dutch East India, and a 10" single on Mint Tone Records. They're planning a full-length album to be released on CD in the near future. So keep your "third eye" peeled for upcoming Acid-Core shows in the tri-state area and check 'em out.



**False Front, Acidcore's coolest combo
Watch for an interview next issue!**

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by Tom Brebric

Sound Of Skin are a three-piece that's been around for two years, consisting of two Hoboken locals (Maxwell's barback Travis Avitabile on guitar and Edward Smith on bass), and their British singer, Paul. SoS doesn't like to use labels or name influences when it comes to their music, so I won't either. [*I will - they sound like Nine Inch Nails. - Edito*] We caught up with them for an interesting if somewhat hectic night out in Hoboken.

Q: Paul, you don't like to use your last name. Why is that?

Paul: So that the American government doesn't send me home.

Q: How's America been treating you, immigration-wise and with the band?

Paul: They don't know anything about it. They think I'm on a nice big holiday and have been the last two years. They keep kicking me out every six months. I stay back in the U.K. and then come back again. I've never made any money so it's not like I'm hurting anyone, and I can't do anything but perform anyway. Hopefully I'll have a worker's permit soon, sort of like a performer's visa.

Q: How did Sound of Skin start?

Ed: Me and Travis started it. Hoboken is very sports-oriented and we got sick of that and just started playing

around. We met Paul through a friend of ours who asked him when he walked off a plane "Do you sing?" And one thing led to another and by July, 1990, we had a three-song demo out.

Q: What was it like playing in England compared to here?

Ed: Better. You play in NYC and it's ridiculous. So hard to get anything happening in New York. In England, no one's stuck up. They just want to hear music. There's no "college radio" in the U.K., just five stations that are government owned.

Q: Have you released anything in England yet?

SoS: No, basically we have to wait on other people's decisions to do that. We don't have the money or the access with Paul being in the U.K. to do that. We only get six months to get anywhere with the band. Then we have to take off two months because of the immigration thing. We try and book shows while he's away and try and do something while we're waiting.

Q: Was England more receptive to you two guys in regard to playing there? Or are their visa requirements just as strict?

SoS: Getting in and getting out was the problem. Once you were there, no one really cared.

Q: Other than Hoboken, where else have you played?

SoS: Upstate NY, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and we played the New Music Seminar this year.



SOUND OF SKIN

Q: What was NMS like?

SoS: The club was a dive, a real seedy place, but it was fun. We're going to try and play the Foundation Forum (a music industry convention geared toward the metal scene) in Los Angeles, we're hoping that gives us some publicity.

Q: What kind of press have you gotten here?

SoS: We get a lot of interest, but no one is willing to make that first move and actually do something for us. The record companies want you to do showcases at a specific time, like between 8 and 8:30 pm, and then they wonder why you couldn't get people to show up for a half hour and a weeknight and pay \$8 or \$10 to see you.

Travis: I wouldn't pay \$10 to see me.

Paul: All these big rock stars, like Axl Rose, have been saying lately how hard it is to be in a rock band. Try working in a factory seven days a week!

Q: I did that. It sucks, big-time.

Travis: Here in America, people think you have to have college, a job, wife, kids, etc. The pressure is for you to do this. But you don't HAVE to do anything, you don't even have to breathe.

[At this point, my wife informs me that the two gentlemen walking nearby with a boombox are armed with a handgun. But being the professionals that we at Jersey Beat are, we ignore this imminent danger and the interview continues...]

Q: Tell me a little about your influences.

SoS: Whatever comes out, comes out. We're not going to tell you our influences. Here's our tape -- if you like it, we'd like to hear from you. If you don't, die and consider

it a gift. We have a variety of songs which we showcase in a half hour set. Maxwell's is great for that.

Q: What places suck?

SoS: The Bond Street Cafe. We had to pay \$300 to play there, they gave us 50 tickets to sell at \$10 apiece!

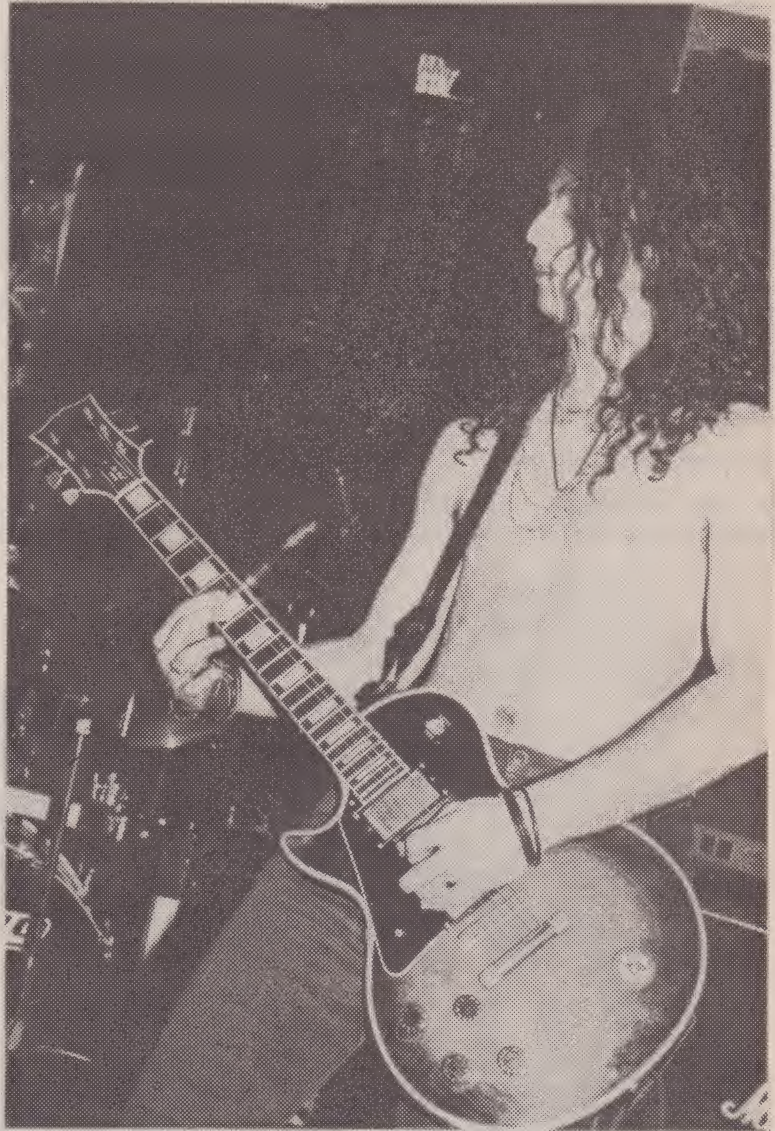
[The interview now shifts to a local bar, as it was interrupted by three young men with menacing scowls carrying baseball bats and staring at us. Maybe they were looking for a friendly pickup game of softball?]

Travis: We write songs and hope people will like us for

what it's worth. If you want to be an underground band, and not put out any records, what's the point if no one can get it? Everyone who wants to play music wants to be successful. I want someone to get a feeling from what I play.

Q: Who would you like to tour with?

SoS: Harry Connick Jr., Cure during their "Love" period, old Southern Death Cult.



[Another brief interruption as a totally intoxicated fat girl is thrown out of the bar and the police show up.]

SoS: We look at it this way. There's only so much you can do to us. We have equipment, a rehearsal space, and we're alive. The people who support us are really great. They put as much money, time, and energy into us as we do, and we consider ourselves lucky for that. Since for small bands like us, no one gives us a chance to do or say anything.

by Leif Hunneman

The murky, industrial waste laden banks of the Raritan River have given birth to many variegated and complex life forms, but none quite as mutated or needful of release from their newly carved niche as the band Transilvia. Since 1988, they have slowly built up a solid base of fans by lurking around the otherwise listless New Brunswick musical scene pounding out their highly hybridized brand of musical angst. Jersey Beat caught up with Transilvia during a break in their heavy evolutionary schedule to shoot the shit.

Transilvia is: T. Cylinder, vocals Elliot Rex, guitar and backup vocals Jeremy Android, bass Dave Crayola, drums

Jersey Beat: How did the original band get together?

Elliot Rex: Me and Roderick (Craven, ex-drummer for Transilvia) met at Rutgers orientation. We talked about some bands that day, decided to room together. We had a full four piece... but the other two guys couldn't keep up, so they left. We were a two piece and fucked around in Roderick's basement until we met Jeremy.

Jeremy Android: I responded to one of their subliminal flyers... it was laced with subliminal messages, so I had to call. I came over with my tape... I called them up and was like: "I was in a fusion band in high school!" (laughs)

ER: It clicked right away, though.

JA: Yeah, it was very cool. Everything fell into place.

JB: You've been pegged as a New Brunswick band, basically because you play most of your shows in the local area... are you planning on going on a tour anytime soon?

JA: That's pretty much relative to who wants to send us on tour...

ER: We've played a lot of shows in New Brunswick, but we've also

played in Albany once already, and New York a couple of times... we do play a lot here, but we're trying to work our way into other places. I remember the first time we played the Court Tavern and there were like fifteen people there... every time we've gone since, there are more, so I guess it's just a matter of time, you know?

?7É3 è JB: You almost made it to the Palladium...

JA: Yeah. Almost.

ER: We did play City Gardens.

T. Cylinder: Opened for Pigface. All-star technical idiot band.

ER: They were pretty bad.

TC: It was more like an awards thing than a show... (laughter)

ER: Just a side project to make money for all the drugs that those guys do... Shit, they're all fiends.

JB: How did you guys hook up with the Well Primed Records crew?

JA: I believe Frank saw a couple of our shows, heard our demo tape. He came to us and expressed interest in putting us on the Thorazine Stretch Factor (a CD compilation of bands local to New Brunswick). He basically took us to the next level and asked us to do a 7". At that point, I think he was trying to add a little more diversity to the label.

ER: The Thorazine Stretch Factor got pretty good recognition. It made it to the front cover of the CMJ. A couple of labels were interested in it. Throughout the twenty or so publications Frank could get his hands on, it got consistently good reviews. Frank's a very practical businessman type. He puts out things that he's into, but he's very serious about it.

JB: Have you gotten any offers from other labels?

JA: A couple have expressed interest, but as for anything further, we're just waiting it out. A label or two came to a show we had in New York. We invited like fourteen, and two showed. I hear that the A&R guy from Epic is really into our stuff, but as for him coming to a show... I'm sure as time goes by, we'll get pulled out on an independent deal. For the time being, it's up in the air.

JB: Ever thought about releasing your own stuff?

JA: It's a possibility. Well Primed is a cool label and all, they've got a good reputation. I think we've got enough of a reputation as a band that it really wouldn't make a difference whether we self released our next release or put it on Well Primed. ?7É3 è ER: Being on Well Primed helped a lot, though. Frank knew a lot. Pretty much I'm the one who deals with him, and he's helped a lot. He's done stuff with Kiaro Skuro and other bands that were popular around here before this whole thing started. I've learned so much from him...

JA: He sort of whipped us into shape...

ER: Yeah, he did. He brought us to the next level of seriousness and helped us make a lot of good connections. I mean, I would recommend that any band approach him. We paid for pretty much everything ourselves, but he put us in contact with a wider audience.

JA: As far as New Brunswick goes, nobody's competing with him.

JB: With two new members in the band, how much do you think that's changed you since you've released Leather Spiderweb?

JA: Infinitely. (laughs) I mean, we're very proud of Leather Spiderweb, but it does us no justice in terms of where we stand now. We've gained a lot since then. We've gotten tighter, and a lot more into the technical side of things now that Dave joined. Cylinder's offered a lot in terms of weird vocal effects.

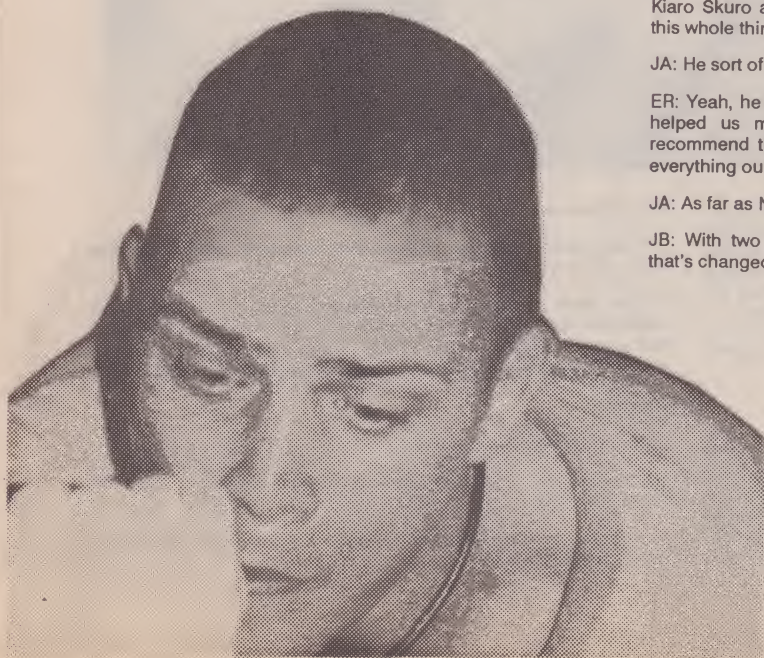
JB (to T. Cylinder): How did you hook up with the band?

TC: Just through us being friends. I'd been in a

TRANSYLVIA

Industrial-Strength

Grunge



few other bands playing bass, so I had the musical side. Elliot asked the band if they'd let me try out. They weren't looking for a singer, but that's how it turned out. It was a freak thing.

ER: Basically, I'd seen his band play at a party. He moved in with us. When we all moved in together, Dave, John, and me, none of them were in Transilvia. Dave had Lifetime, his hardcore thing. They were on a label from California. He wasn't around a lot. So John and I got together to jam, because we both like rap a lot. So we went into the basement one day and fucked around with the band's equipment. We flirted with the idea of releasing it under a different name, since everyone misspells it.

JA: Transaliva... (laughs)

ER: We did this rap tape which basically is pretty fried. It's not really releasable. But we listened to this tape and for us, it's one of those things where when you listen to music that's extreme, it takes more of an extreme to get you off. It was just so raw... neither of us can play

ER: Yeah. It's one of those things, the pieces just fit. Right now, the pieces of this band fit really well. Our last show at the Roxy was sort of the culmination of that. The band felt tighter than it's ever been. We're really impressed with our new material. It's really positive now, whereas with Roderick things were very strained. This is like a release of a lot of tension for the band.

JB: Will you be releasing new material soon?

ER: I think we're pretty much resolved to releasing something soon... not release something, record.

JA: We're gonna wait for something to pan out... come May, if nothing's panned out, we're gonna look into releasing another 7". We're saving up for a full-length concept piece. We're really excited about it but we really want to put money behind it to do it justice. It's interesting that a lot of people think that Lads and Lashes and the 7" sounds so different... that's mostly due to production. The production for both formats were very different. I know some people prefer Lads



drums, but we managed along with a cheesy tape delay 7" and a sampler. It was all improvised. When it was all over, it was incredible. We got like ten or eleven actual songs on an hour and a half of tape. I was very impressed with his improvisational skills. I mean, we tried out people who said they had sung before, and would get to a mic and freeze... not do anything. He got up there and had a lot of fun.

JA: Weren't you guys heavily influenced by Beverly Hills 90210? (laughs) ER: (laughs)

JA: I heard you saw that Euphoria episode...

ER: But anyway... after that whole deal, I thought he was very creative. It worked out really well. It's one of those things- if it just clicks with the band, we know it's right... it just hits you in the face. Actually, how Dave joined the band was that Roderick Craven blew us off for a show cause he had a new job in Jersey City. Dave filled in, learned all the songs in like two days, and the show went off very well.

JA: With a minimum of fuckups.

and Lashes over the 7".

ER: We made a four-track before that that some people like more than Lads and Lashes...

JA: But when we play live, it all comes together. The songs all vary stylistically, but they all work together. On the new 7" you'll probably find a very new song on the A 7" side, and a very old song on the B side. We want to do one of the old songs with new production.

Discography:

Lads and Lashes, demo cassette

"Instachrist" (on Thorazine Stretch Factor compilation CD, Well Primed Records)

"Screaming in the Basement Strapped To A Leather Spiderwen" (Well Primed 7-inch EP)

ANTHROPHOBIA - 5 song demo PO Box 6257, Wyomissing PA 19610 Anthrophobia has gone through a few changes since we interviewed them in our zine. In fact, singer/guitarist Frank Phobia is the only member left from that lineup, and the band's gone for a harder, more metal-tinged sound instead of the hard funk/pop sound of their last demo. Frankly, as much as I like Frank, any metal falsetto gives me the willies, but luckily that stuff is kept to a minimum. On the catchier songs, like "Bad B Movie" and "Candy Coated Voodoo" (which features a guest vocal from L7's Suzi Gardner), it's the same ol' Anthrophobia, lots of killer hooks and enough energy to run all the lights at the Chameleon Club for a month. - Jim T.

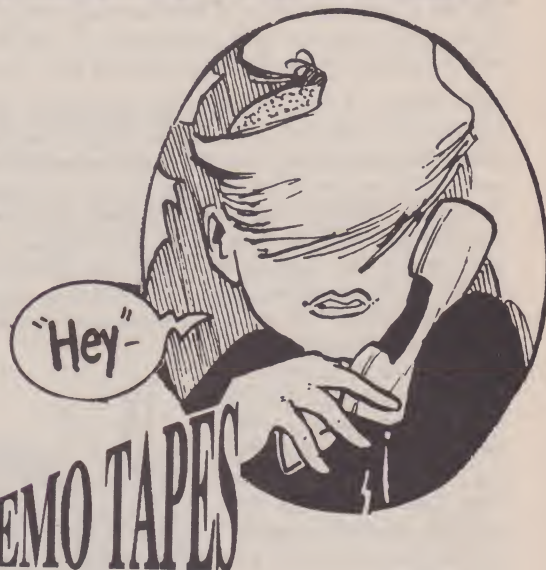
ANTI-CUPID - "Heartburn" 3 song demo 33 Naomi Way, Landisville PA 17538 Grungy hardcore with speedmetal guitars and pubescent vocals that packs a nice punch. They know how to change tempo and even make a passable stab at a power ballad. Some cool effects on here too. - Jim T.

APRIL SKIES - "Drive In Demo" 4 songs PO Box 375, Campbelltown PA 17010 Jangle/pop from rural Pennsylvania. Earnest and okay, but this sort of hummable lite rock really needs sharper and more memorable songwriting to stick in your head. These guys seem to think that having their demo produced by Mitch Easter at his Drive-In Studio still means something. I guess they haven't been keeping tabs on Mr. Easter's career lately. But more to the point, why spend all that money recording a demo and then dub off such shitty-sounding copies? Duh. - Jim T.

BELLE SKYE - 5 songs No address Belle Skye hail from Hoboken and like Sex Pod, the band includes two women on guitar, bass and vocals, and a male drummer. The style

is Lite Metal, with sexy and well-arranged harmony vocals from Caren and Elena and some tasty guitar licks. The songs hang together well, with clever lyrics and some solid hooks. I wish the photo on the tape sleeve didn't suggest the trio aspires to be a trashy glam band, they're capable of much better. - Jim T.

CROCODILE SHOP - demo 100 Montgomery #1Q, Highland Pk NJ 08904 Three songs and an alternative mix to the song "Growing Stornger." Vocals are reminiscent of



old P.I.L. and Euro monotone industrial bands, but the voice is very fitting and effective. Catchy Euro-type

keyboard sounds, without boring samples, had my foot tapping. If they can pull this off live, I'd love 'em. I'd be doin' the 80's New Waver dances all over the club. Enjoyable, fun, and not too pretentious; most techno are getting stale with me, but not Crocodile Shop. A pleasant

surprise. (Consumer Advisory: Singer Mick Hale writes the "Danse Assembly" column for Jersey Beat.) -



L7's Suzi Gardner joins Frank Phobia on the new Anthrophobia demo

Frank P.

FEAR OF INFLUENCE - Creation In Question demo % Jeff Streichi, 400 Adeline Dr, Keswick Ont Canada L4P 3C3 High-tech progressive metal, supremely polished and intricately constructed with complex chord progressions and intricate time changes, collides headlong with adolescent emo hardcore vocals on this unusual Canadian band's demo. The combination sounds horrible on paper, I know, but it works, somehow. An enormous sound for a trio on a tight budget, and with five long songs, this is quite nearly album-length. Impressive, to say the least, and I'm dying to know what they'd be like live. - Jim T.

GUTLOGIC - 5 song demo Kyle Bruckman, Will Rice College, PO Box 3312, Houston TX 77253 I usually don't review demos, just because I'm afraid the band'll kick my ass if I dislike them. But GutLogic are from Houston and they can't possibly reach me from there, and besides, I couldn't say anything bad about them anyway. Take a deep breath and imagine, if you will, Cop Shoot Cop and Ministry having a boxing match at CBGB to see who's the real pussy. David Yow is the ring announcer, Jim Foetus is the referee. Put all that on top of the cool noises you hear when the No.2 train is speeding between 110th and 42nd Street and you've got GutLogic. Abrasive, noisy, and more fun that you can possibly imagine. Be nice to these guys, will ya? - Jodi S.

HANDMAIDENS Of The BLOOD Of CHRIST- TAL i Tha Cu'mi D. Witten, 355-10E South End Ave, New York NY Two songs, and thankfully, no hint of the gothic/occult hocus pocus that their name and the title of the demo suggest. Three women and a guy on bass (that's a switch) doing the alternative metal thing. "Testosterone" is a tongue-in-cheek (I hope) diatribe against the male gender, with a rocking chorus, great guitar leads, and inspired lyrics ("Testosterone/turning sweet young boys/into hairy monsters with smelly breath.../In every age, in every race/ALL men on Earth are Satan's spawn/ The world will be a better place/When they are all completely gone.") God, with the right promotion, they could be the female answer to Ugly Kid Joe. The other song is slower and more gothic. - Jim T.

LIQUID COURAGE - "A For Effort" demo PO Box 5068, Pleasanton CA 94566 This band features Aaron Muentz, wacky editor of The Probe fanzine, which prepared me for something...well, wacky. Surprisingly, this isn't all that

punk. The production couldn't be better, with a crisp, clean studio sound and an excellent mix, especially on the guitars. The music mixes a lot of genres (jazz, reggae, punk), but most of it is hardcore, hard rock, and humor, not the least bit sloppy or silly but played

tightly and with conviction. (Like what Scatterbrain would sound like with better jokes and a good singer.) The biggest influence seems to be Faith No More, especially in some of the silly voices the singer uses which sound a lot like Mike Patton. - Jim T.

MATTER QF FACT - 4 song demo 142 Frankford Ave, Blackwood NJ 08012 Quite a leap for this young So.Jersey band. This new demo finds them forging some weird new synthesis between Fugazi-ish emo vocals and apocalyptic psycho-thrash. "I went insane from all this sanity." Plus there are totally cool industrial noise bits in between the songs. I'm dying to see what this is like live. - Jim T.

MOTHERFLOWER - 4 song demo Way-O, PO Box 3093, Margate NJ 08402 Old-fashioned punk rock, the sort of cool shit you might expect to find on NJ's Headache Records (home of Niblick Henbane and The Burnt).



MATTER OF FACT

Y'know, songs about fake ID's, boogers, getting drunk, losing your girl, with lots of cool singalong choruses and backup vocals (these guys are given to the phrase "way-o, way-o" by the way). Probably lots of fun live, too, from the sound of things. - Jim T.

SINKHOLE - 4 song demo Jon Clark, 9 Maplecrest, Newmarket NH 03857 Formerly The A.G.'s, the band's added a second guitarist and replaced their terminally spaced-out former singer with drummer Chris's vocals (who sounds a whole helluva lot cooler anyway.) Like the A.G.'s, the three originals here are bristling pop/punk with a little heavier guitar sound but the same catchy hooks

and energetic little solos, plus a funny cover of a Red Sovine trucker tune. - Jim T.

SHYSTER, SHYSTER & FLYWHEEL - 6 song demo 62 Lake St Apt 1, Danbury CT 06810 Bruce Wingate of A.O.D., two guys from 76% Uncertain, and a bassist named Dave make up Shyster, Shyster and Flywheel. It's not surprising that this debut demo rocks the shit out of most of the major label product we're reviewing this issue; after all, these guys have about 40 years of paying dues between them. But it's not the funny punk or post-modern thrash you might expect, given their antecedents and the humorous name of the band. Instead, it sounds a whole like that grungy rock stuff coming out of Seattle, only better -- better songwriting, better guitar playing, better vocals. You get the idea. - Jim T.

SKULLFISH CACTUS - 5 song demo 1450 N Cleveland, Chicago IL 60610 Thrash/jazz fusion sounds like a bad idea on paper, let alone on acetate. I didn't like progressive rock in the 70's, and I'm not about to encourage progressive hardcore in the 90's. Especially when it all winds up sounding like reheated Jane's

Addiction anyway. - Jim T.

SLAW - 7 song demo % Chris Rollins, 13 Thompson St, Annapolis MD 21401 All the other bands I know in the Annapolis scene are so p.c. and, frankly, so humorless in their music that Slaw comes as something of a shock. Grunting female love noises against a background of testosterone-fueled guitar rock? A song called "Fat Wet Dripping Pussy?" "Meet Me At The Safeway, Bay-bay?" I

mean, really, has Positive Force staged an anti-sexism percussion protest on this band's lawn yet? Noisy, weird, funny, and totally disrespectful, this is the coolest demo I've heard in a while. (Not that I approve of this sort of thing, of course.) Sockeye fans, write for a copy of this quick. - Jim T.

SOUND OF SKIN - Demo No address given The bitter "Beads" laments the pain that won't stop. This espousal of negativity just made me fall in love with this tape. SoS shows its abilities further by exploring more romantic issues on "Kiss The Sun," and provides some funky guitar work throughout this tape. Overall, a good effort, but why the cover (albeit a good one) of "Satisfaction" on a 5-song demo? C'mon, guys, you're talented enough to try the originals. - Tom B.

SPONGEGOD - Demo No address given Wow! Backyard garage punk the way it should be - raw, catchy, full of hooks, and nerdy as hell. Tons of songs, and they're great live too. Singer Jack Ball is an accident waiting to happen, with clever ultra-college rockin' lyrics. Look for a 7-inch soon. A must buy for humor-core fans. - Frank P.

SUGARSHOCK - 4-song demo 183C Dilworth Rd, New Milford NJ 07646 Big Black influenced, post-industrial noise rock, with pounding drums and a guitar sound that'll peel paint off your walls. Aggressive male and female vocals add to the melee. Great production really hammers home the intensity of their performances. Bring earplugs and some valium if you go to see them live and expect to sleep that night. - Jim T.

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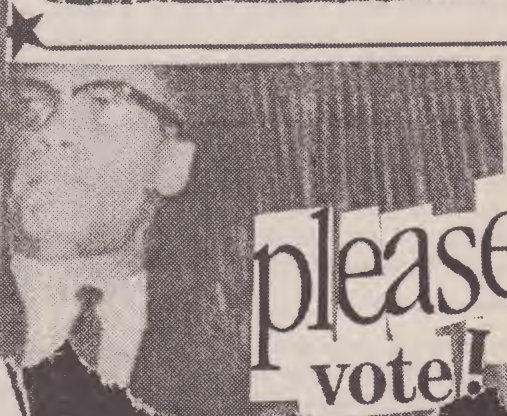
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What's LEFT! By *Mick Hale*



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Man is born free, and yet we see him everywhere in (musical) chains. Those who believe themselves the musical "masters" of others cease not to be even greater slaves than the people whose musical "taste," if such a thing does in fact exist, they attempt to govern. If we are only to consider the "industry" and the effects of it, we might say, "When a people is constrained to obey, and does obey; it continues to listen passively. But when a people make use of their liberty, and listen questioningly, it does so aggressively and with a greater degree of passion." It is from such a statement of truth, a question like, "What has actually PROGRESSED to the MOST current FUTURIST ideal?" may arise.

Welcome to this time. The column is Danse Assembly, in written form. In audio form, it appears Thurs. and Fri., from 10-2, at The Roxy, New Brunswick...

THE YOUNG GODS - "TV Sky" CD (Caroline)

This is the finest hour for these so-called SwissAural Terrorists, The Young Gods. What an absolutely A-Maz-Ing disc. From the hypnotic, surreal swirl of the opening "Our House" to the metallic, guitar sample-heavy "Gasoline Man," to the big hit, the ever-grooving "Skin Flowers," this IS a Tour-De-Force! Their most appealing aspect for both Techno Heads (like myself) and Grunge Lovers (can't imagine!) is the abuse of the ever-pleasing GEE-tar. Sounds all nasty clear, yet distorted, static, definite, yet with feeling: SURPRISE, the Young Gods have no guitarist!! It's all sampled. Ahh, Techno revenge, how sweet it is!!! *****

FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY - Tactical Neural Implant CD (Third Mind) "The Blade" Remixes, 12" and CD Singles

Here's one that's been kicking up lotsa dust on my dansefloors. Who would've thought that little ole Front Line (be they kings of Gotho-Industro-Mood they're), could have SUCH crossover success! While the first single pulled from "Implant" was a fine mid-tempo groover at that, I'm pleased to announce they've re-edited and "Tech'ed up" the track "The Blade," my heavy rotation track all along! All I can say is, if you buy only one of the Big 3 (SkPppy, Mnsty, FL Asbly) this year, let this be it - you won't be disappointed!! *****

INTER-MIX CD (Third Mind)

This is one Front Line offshoot that CAN'T go unnoticed. It's like a hip-hop-ish instrumental side that really, well, "Grooves." If you are as fed up (as I) with the metal direction that some of the other supposed "industrial" bands are taking, you definitely should check this. As it's heavy on the danse beats & samples that got us all here in the first place. Do See... **** 1/2

KODE IV - Insane CD (KK/Cargo)

Wheewh! Remember last column, I touted the CD-single version of this lp as the most incredible Kode 4 to date? Well, this full-length blows the single right outta the arena! Methinks this is the kind of quality album we all expected out of Front 242's followup to their Front By Front lp, which is to infer alot. Tracks like "Accelerate, Fear Into Power & Success" just pump raw energy thru their massive wall of sequencers approach. And since "Possessed" (their debut lp,) they've added some minimalistic vocal chanting textures and updated their keyboard sound banks, which accomodate the Techno wave that's taken the world by storm, Funk-U very much. A Must Have, especially if you're a DJ, or just look like one. ****1/2

BLUE EYED CHRIST - Leaders And Followers CD (KK/Cargo)

PIG - "A Stroll In The Pork"/"Praise The Lord" (C-Prod)

PSYCHICK WARRIORS OF GAIA - Ov Biospheres & Grooves (KK)

Why dump all these CD's into a single review, you might ask? Well, because they're all disappointing to one extent or another as you'll see: If your ultimate "supergroup" is Nitzer Ebb with Groovy (of My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult) on vocals using Cat Rapes Dog's old cheezy equipment, then BLUE EYED CHRIST is definitely for you. Which is to say, the elements add up a lot better than the overall product. It's not bad, just repetitive and limiting sounding. **

PIG, on the other, sounds like a bad imitation of Foetus live (which is already a redundancy, Foetus + live = BAD) on "Stroll," while "Praise..." fares a little better sounding as if you had a The The record on while watching the Tonight Show (w/Johnny.) Get it? *

Ahh, the WARRIORS, all's I can ask is wha' happened?? While they once where the Masters Of Trance, this long-awaited full-lengther comes across as more a New Age sampler than a Trance Classic. ** 1/2

DIE KRUPPS - 91-81 Past Foward CD (Mute)

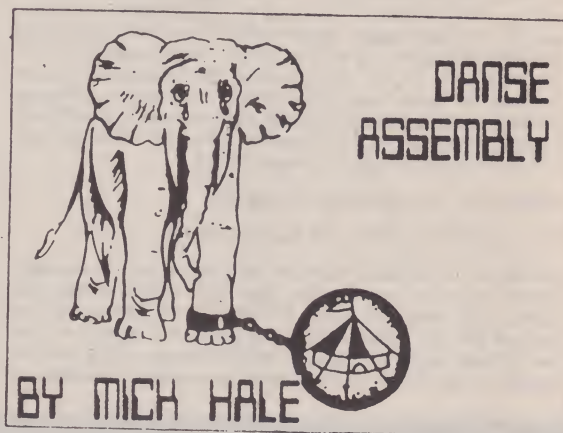
While this has been out for a bit and we're all awaiting the Krupps' next "new" release, I can't recall ever mentioning this must-have befour. Past Foward saves you alotta time in hunting down their obscure 12-inchers that they've been pumping out over the last 10 or so years. Included we have their first more acoustic/noisy 45 to their collaboration with Nitzer Ebb all the way up to the song they recorded for this "Germanic." ****

MINISTRY - "Psalm 69" CD (Sire)

Better than "Mind" but it's sure no "Land." And it's curious to note how Ministry no longer makes appearance son 120 Minutes now that they're on Headbangers Ball. Yee Ha! *1/2

SISTER MACHINE GUN - Sins of The Flesh CD (WaxTrax)

Chris Randall, he of LA ("JamesBrownIsDead") STYLE re-mix



fame, who has also worked extensively with KMFDm, brings us his "solo" debut. Finally, "Sins" plays like an "industrial" version of NIN's lp. Which is to say it's better. The most distinctive element here has got to be Randall's use of steady, constant sampled drum loops, a technique he seems to apply to most of what he does. Guests on the CD include Jim of Die Warzau, Sasha of KMFDm, Dave Oglvie of Skinny Puppy, and Alien is rumored to have played a guitar solo here & fro. As of late, Mr Randall has been producing some local electronic groups, one of which is New Brunswick's own Crocodile Shop (of which Mr Hale is a member.) Watch out for this Chris guy, he's covering lotsa bases, wit dat sampler of his. ***

OUT OUT - Finched CD (Axis/Cargo)

Very Hi-Tech. Out Out picks up where Ministry's (best lp) "Twitch" left off. Excellent vocals in that distorted breathy vein. If Sire got wise and dumped the metal-Ministry, they'd fill the hole Al left in the "Industrial" danse sound with this band. Standout tracks include "Never Tell," which was re-mixed by Fred of Psychic TV, and "Blinders," which is a bit faster & harder than the rest of the lp. *** 1/2

I.S.H. - Round And Round CD (ISH)

On I Shook Hands' new release, while the spotlight falls on "Round," it's "Revenge" and "Never Wonder Why" that really kick. The production is amazing, full & clear. This CD should give both New Order and Depeche Mode a close race. If ISH doesn't get a major label deal outta this, every unsigned electronic band might as well ditch their sequencers and run to the nearest GEE-tar shop. E-gads! ***1/2

CONTROLLED BLEEDING - Penetration CD (Third Mind)

After more than two years, a change in labels, and an "update" in style, Controlled Bleeding returns triumphantly with the completely solid Penetration. From the Indusro-Rap-ish groove of "...Burning Room" to the speedy Indusro-Thrash of "Auto Grind," and to the Indusro-Goth of yesteryear in "Beneath Ground," this is one A-Maze-Ing disc. With so many of the supposed "gods" of the industrial scene putting out consecutively worse and worse product, we are left only to thank and give praise to some "higher power" for a new album like this (it's THAT good.) *****

KMFDM - Money CD (WaxTrax)

It seems that over their last 6 or so records, this Chicago (via Germany) based group has been, well, basically "refining" the "KMFDM sound." Which mostly boils down to guitar riffs played in a "loop-ing" style, as to suggest they're sampled, chugging bass & drum machine grooves, and the ever-present "distorted-to-hell" vocals. Oh yeah, with an occasional female backup here & there. Sound interesting? It is. On this, their latest WaxTrax release, Sash, EnEsch & Co. come that much closer to hitting it straight on the head. Skull-crushing musicals with lyrical dominations that add up to a handful of worthy tracks. "Sex On The Flag" and "Vogue" come to mind. The latest single to hit ya between the eyes being the title track, with some rocked-up re-mixes by Chris Randall (of Sister Machine Gun), but I still think it's alot too slow to be the dansefloor killer that "God-Like" was for them. Overall, a worthy purchase. ***1/2

BABYLAND - You Suck Crap CD (Flipside)

BATZ WITHOUT FLESH - This Liquid CD (NTS)

Babyland: an electronic hardcore band by nature, an industrial thrash band by circumstance. Seriously, if you're into that 3-piece plus singer h/c thing, DEFINITELY run, don't walk, out and get this CD. I liked certain (the electronic) aspects of their last 12-inch, but when 16 outta SIXTEEN songs all go into the upbeat thrash thing with the singing (screaming), regardless of

how great a groove they've got going at song's start, I start wondering if this guy can sing without it (the H/C beat, that is.) "Crap" does, however, get big points w/me for their hi-tech excellent production and packaging. **1/2

Batz Without Flesh seem to have almost the exact opposite downfall. With the passionate vocals and drum programs, sometimes the music seems to be a bit too held back, or withdrawn-sounding. Not that it's really such a major "problem," but their last lp, A Million Bricks, seemed to mesh together better than this Liquid CD does. And while this newest release from Delaware's own does have its high points, I'd have liked to hear something more along the lines of Million Bricks. ** (NTS, 742 Papermill, Newark DE 19711)

SEX GANG CHILDREN - Blind CD (Cleopatra)

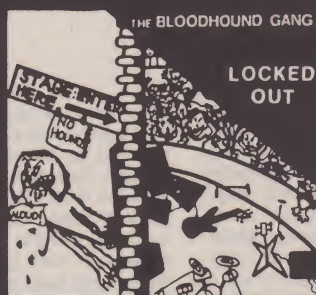
VOICE OF DESTRUCTION - Steamroller Tactics CD (Cleopatra)

Cleopatra Records, an L.A. label distributed by NY's Caroline, brings us two new releases just in time for the college radio airplay they both deserve. The legendary UK Goth ("Batcave," wasn't it?) outfit Sex Gang Children basically serve up the "Blind" lp but it's the two additional "new" cuts that really stand out. Look forward to their next one, we'll. San Francisco's Voice Of Destruction, on the other, are much less gothic, and could almost be defined as Indusro-Rock. Sequenced keyboards, drum machines and rockin' guitars abound, but the real uniqueness lies in the more melodic "metal-ish" singing; something that I can't recall hearing before, this death-metal voice meets electronic backings. It's a good listen. (Cleopatra, 8726 So Sepulveda #D82, Los Angeles CA 90045) ***1/2

SKINNY PUPPY - Live at The Ritz, NYC 6.9.92

Musically, this Raw Dog was overly "on," as one might say. Compared to last year's tour (for "Dark Park") they were, for all practical purposes, a revitalized band. No going through the motions on this night, they were great. And the songs they chose to do were tasteful with a capital T. Opening with "Addiction" (off Cleanse Fold) perfectly set the mood for the "biggest hits" type of set that followed. The less structured, noisy, experimental tracks off the last two albums were kept to a minimum, while they relied on their older, stronger (pre-heroin) material. We were even treated to a track or two off "Bites & Remission!!!" Oddly enough, the only advantage the last tour had over this was the visuals (i.e. stage & video),

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when you consider how much hype surrounded the guys from Hellraiser (was it?)'s involvement. But even though last year's stage show was better, it's great to hear Skinny Puppy sounding SO good again. *****

DIE KRUPPS, CONTROLLED BLEEDING, SISTER MACHINE GUN, AND E.B.N. Live at The Palladium NYC 6.19.92

What a lineup! Communion presented this New Music Seminar show out of their usual Limelight location to a medium-sized but enthusiastic crowd. EBN, which stands for Emergency Broadcast Network by the way, started things off nicely with an elaborate stage show which featured two tv monitors and a giant tv screen, behind a politician's podium, where their lead singer (talker) stood the entire show. Also onstage were a keyboardist and sample scratcher, and some militaristic bodyguard types. The whole visual played like a live version of Killing Joke's "Eighties" video. As for EBN's sound, well, it's got the Kode IV/techno industrial thing goin' on, and quite well I might add. I can't believe THESE guys were the only unsigned band on the bill! Up next were NYC's own Sister Machine Gun. With such a tough act to follow, Mr Randall & Co. more than held their own. Some classy white back-lighting added a complementary "rock star" touch to their straight ahead, driving show. A good live mix, with Chris throwing what seemed like hundreds of cups of water into the audience; it was the best SMG show I've seen yet. Up next, Long Island/NY fixture Controlled Bleeding are just all over the stage, like a teenage H/C band. I can't imagine where they get the energy, so you don't even notice the minimalistic use of lights. I've only seen them 2X, but CB are definitely one of my faves live. Excellent sound, with lotsa songs off their new album and a few old faves from their daze with WaxTrax (they're not with Third Mind's US division.) A good high-energy show that ended with the obligatory tossing about of metal while they sanded it, ala' Neubauten, very nice! And now the moment we've all been waiting for...that band that in my opinion started it all, DIE KRUPPS!!! In the US, am I dreaming or what?? Images of them doing all my old favourites like "Risk," "Your Voice," and "Goldfinger" were soon shattered though, as their live-only VERY METAL GEE-tarist leapt onto center stage. I guess that "Unconditional Positive Reponce" thang was in order, but as I was very much expecting the totally ELECTRONIC GODS that I knew & loved, I just wasn't in the mood. The show was somewhat saved tho, as they did do "Germanic" and the "Machineries Of Joy" (TrueWork) hits-o-the-recent-past. And I have to admit I enjoyed alot of the newer material, despite the overwhelming distraction of their Spinal Tap-like addition. Lead singer Jurgen was quite the energetic frontman, too, jumping into the audience for a few lyrics, kicking my pal Rich in the head and musing up more than one member of Crocodile Shop's hair in the process! Ahh, hell, I guess I really did enjoy the whole night! *****

A Danse Assembly Top Twelve

(What I'm DJing at Roxy & Ground Zero)

1. FRONTLINE ASSEMBLY "The Blade"
2. JESUS&MARYCHAIN "FarGone"/"Reverence"
3. MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO "10xFast"/"Dogstar"
4. YOUNG GODS "Skinflowers"
5. SHAMEN "MakeltMine"/"MoveAny"/"LSI"
6. MIDI RAIN "Always"
7. KODE IV "Success"/"Fearin2Pwr"
8. CONTROLLED BLEEDING "BurnRm"
9. MC900ftJESUS "Ufo'sRreal"
10. MORRISEY "Tomorrow (AllIAsk)"
11. INTERMIX - most of CD!
12. OPUS III "A Fine Day"

That'll do it. Please continue to send your letters, comments, and Industrial DANSE product to Danse Assembly Productions, 100 Montgomery #1Q, Highland Park NJ 08904. Ta!



Notes From The Hip Hop Nation

by Mattatude

Can't completely diss NJ's **A.K. Peace**. Got the cat's demo and at least they dubbed it on a SA-60. Got to make me a phat tape off all the other wax I got lately. Flipped it to a skeez, try ta git her off that bullshit. "Freaky Tales" everytime I'm in the ride, no shit. It's nineteen ninety niggedy two, so whatcha gonna do? You know's I flipped **Son Of Bazerk** on 'at tape. Right by **Zhigge, Showbiz And A.G., Pete Rock and C.L. Smooth**. And A.K. Peace gonna go waste good studio time. His press release states, "I discovered Trixter!" now he's back with A.K. Peace, so says Bo Blaze. A true hip hop mogul. Mad.

So yeah, we buildin' and rebuildin' H-town. Da partners and me puttin' underground hip hop on live at various clubs around town. Special **Hip Hop Sundays**. Ain't no gangsters, ain't no loverboys. True hip hop hopefuls stayin' steady. First joint had **MC Vogue** from the **H Town Hispanics** on a solo creep, warmin' ship up. Straight into **Black B. Nimble** and the **3 Wise Min**. Slammin'. 3 Wise Min got shit correct down here. True to self, kickin' the flip flop madness, slowing it down, speedin' it up, catchin' much wreck. **Decadent Dub Team** (you may remember them from the Colors soundtrack) closed the night and wrecked shop hard. J. Liles passing the spliff all through the crowd. "ass the lick.

Nobody in Houston sparks blunts?

But ay, never mind all that. Hip Hop Sundays got all kindsa Texas stompers on deck: **NoDoz, Square Frame Garden, Def Squad, Cooly Nation, Phlomatix, DJ Chyllly**. Chyll fucks them wheels up. Any true hip hops wanna get props down Texas way, drop me a line, we'll get you some gas money and keep you blunted your entire stay. We got St. Ides now, even.

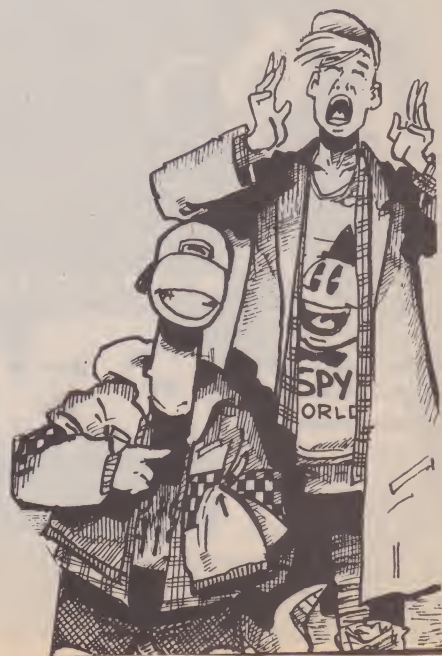
Who hasn't noticed that **House Of Pain** is everywhere lately? Who could touch "Jump Around" though? Caught them fellas here in Houston at the Underground, then on tour with the Beastie Boys in Austin, Lollapaloozer, MTV Raps, Hangin' With MTV.... Everlast dropped that suit and now he's ALL THAT. (Danny Boy's the cool brother, though.) Danny Boy, Lethal, Everlast, y'all got it going on.

New Ip is phat, "Shamrocks And Shenanigans," "Top O' The Mornin' To Ya," what's up with an Ip so large? You seen all them famous faces in the video? Is that the Kamron in the hat?

I got another question to ask: What city ain't just like Compton anymore? Strugglin', trippin'... **WAKE UP!** And on that same vibe, how could **DJ Quik's** haircut get any worse? Why is that track so large? Everytime I'm in the ride (in the city with the best hip hop radio around, 3 stations strong, yeah right, 3 stations weak with a lucky track dropped in there once in a while), I just "Jus' Lyke Compton." (Another chapter in the fight against literacy.) The problem is, radio ain't music. It's money. If you got somebody who can sell ads, and somebody who can puke up "It's on, it's on, ooh, it's gonna be hype tonight at Club Suckadick," you can have a station. I was in the music director's office recently at KBXX and he had Pete Rock and CL Smooth in his pile for the trash! Our local AM "All Rap" station 1590 RAPS plays just as much R&B and the same tracks over & over every hour. That's why I float props to my man Chill Will Strickland and Kid Compendor over at BASS 91.7.

So back to the records. It's been a while since the last issue, so I gets a bunch. **MC Ren** is back on a solo creep, droppin' phat tracks with the Bobcat that blow away every track on *Niggaz4life* lyrically, musically, delivery-wise, no Dr. Dre rhymes in the way. This was a nice little surprise after the last couple of **NWA** efforts. Ren goes off harder than ever and man, in '92, I am much about Ho-Bitch raps, but check the mad bugged track "Behind The Scenes." Trippin'. I play that mug all day and shit. *Kizz My Black Azz* is just a 6-track sample of the upcoming *Life Sentence*, so steady ya self.

Tung Twista knocked Daddy Freddy outta the box as fastest rapper out there, and yo, the brother wrecks shop.



Runnin Off At Da Mouth is phat! No lie, he doesn't do his little Speedy Gonzales routine on every track, but when he does, grab ya Starter Cap cuz it's gonna get caught in the ceiling fan, ya head starts spinning, ya ears go bug, and BANG! Real nice music from Eric The Wiz, and Fade, from Chicago, no less.

Another Midwest brother with a nice little record out is **MC Breed** outta Flint, MI. It took me a little while to get excited over this record, mostly cuz he changed "Ain't To Be Fucked With" into "...flexed..." for the radio, and I hate radio versions with all that changing going on. *20 Below* got some rugged tracks tho, laid back, hardcore, always staying on it, on kinda weird horns and screeches poppin up out of nowhere. "Little Child Runnin' Wild" drops bombs on the youngsters out there dying every day, that so many overlook, with a genuine concern in his tone, and a serious air about him. Admittedly, I slept on *Breed* for a while after seeing him live the first time, but I think I was just being bullhead stupid. DJ Flash gets rough props.

Big Mello and the **Bone Hard Niggaz** (spelled Zaggin like somebody else's record) be getting all the props down here from the recent onslaught of RapALot releases, but what about **Johnny C**, man, from the early Ghetto Boys getting slept on like a mother fucker. He got a real nice record, nothing earth shattering but man, it's real nice. So you got it from me. Props. **Raheem** gets a little attention, but locally, it's Big Mello all the way.

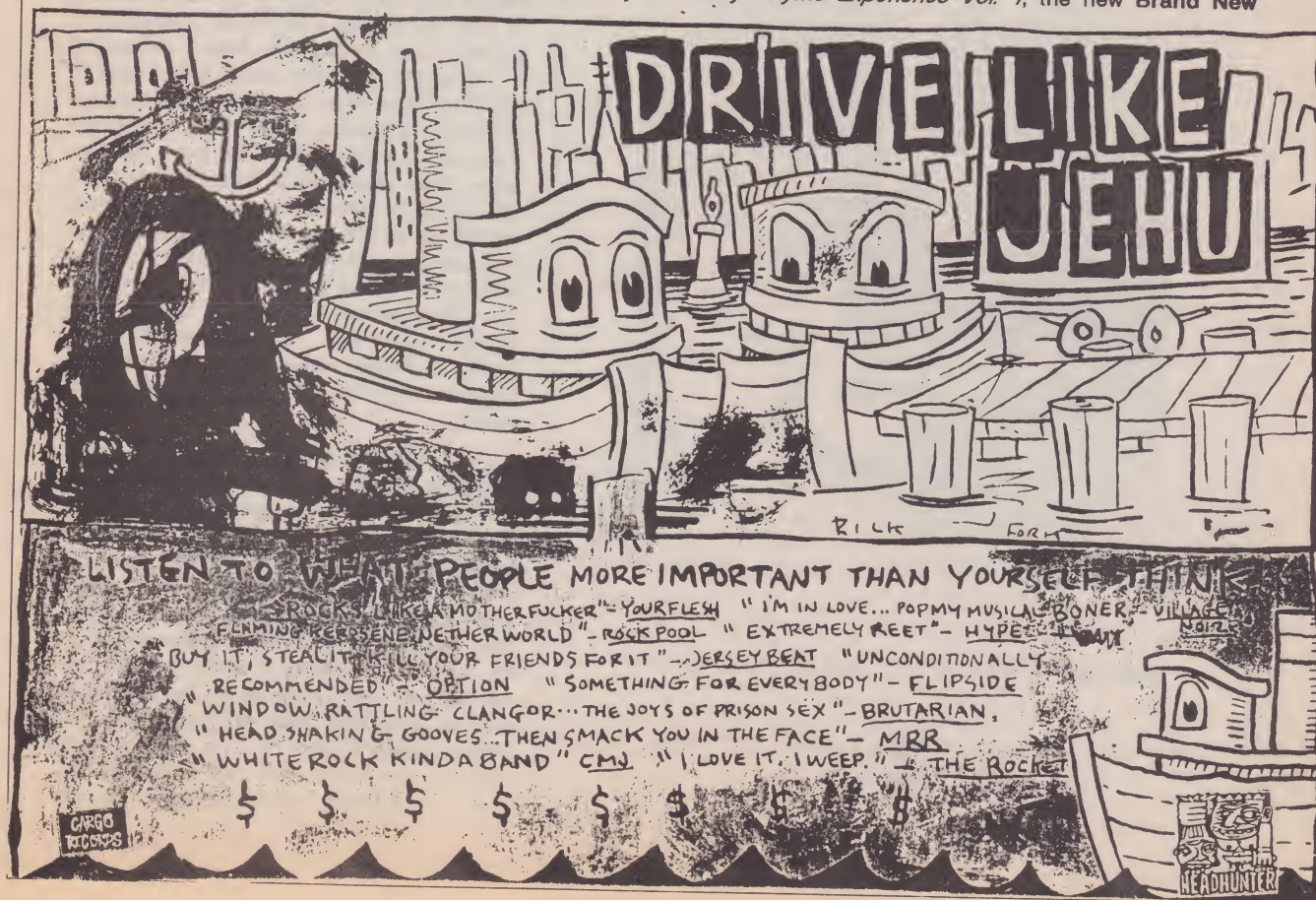
Ganksta N-I-P is out of control. He takes the **Geto Boys** "Mind Of A Lunatic" miles further and keeps that line for the whole record. When he's not killing somebody's

mother, or eating somebody's legs, or their baby, he's making **Freddie Krueger** look like a kiddie matinee and taking horror rap to its limits. Sure, the beats are your basic Rap A Lot fare (tho more evil), but yo, swing this, at a recent concert, N-I-P and his partner came out with a cat and N-I-P said something like, y'all don't get up, he gonna eat that cat. No shit, brother's outta control.

Another question: Whatever happened to **Bushwick Bill** that dropped "Size Ain't Shit?" How come the **Geto Boys** got so laid back and mello on recent tracks? They used to go off full of fire, now they sound like they don't get enough sleep. Personally, I like the ruff rhymes myself.

Ok, one more outta Texas and I'll move along. Dallas' **Decadent Dub Team** got an lp coming out called *Will Work For Food* on their own label that cannot be slept on. Mix some cyberpunk industrial flavor with some hardcore beats and jackhammer samples, insightful lyrics and a raucous instrumental entitled "The Good Ole Boy Network" and you got a motherfuckin record. Liles is the producer, serious on target to the nth degree.

MC Ren sure picked the wrong time to be beefin about live music in hip hop. On his latest EP, sure he wrecks shit, but he also got a track saying how real hip hoppers don't wanna see no band and all that. Well, Ren, tell that to **Divine Styler**, **Beastie Boys** and **MC Serch**, all of whom got live instruments on their new albums. And while yer at it, step to **Main Source**, **Gangstarr**, **Grand Puba**, **Master Ace**, **Jamalski**, **Kool G. Rap**, **Black Sheep**, **Ed Og**, **Tiger & The Pharcyde**, who all contribute tracks to *Heavy Rhyme Experience Vol. 1*, the new Brand New



Heavies lp. Phat jazz with a little improv feel going for it, as the heaviest in hip hop spray crazy styles on the mic and make for one of the most interesting chapters in hip hop history. Not exactly designed to boom trunks, just bugga domes, which is a nice change of pace. Rugged props!

Zzzz, **WAKE THE FUCK UP!** Like I said earlier, Divine Styler does have a new lp out, y'know. Like I said, wake up, fool. I've never seen a record get slept on 'so hard. Yeah, he's deep, yeah, he's different, yeah, he bugged ta infinite degrees, but ay, that's what y'all look for, ain't it? Oh, I guess Divine goes too far. At times he makes me think of the Last Poets, sometimes he sparks images of Borbetomagus with his off kilter jazzy noise. Less basic than *Word Power*, which wasn't basic at all, noiser in parts, more musical in parts, but never tired. Admittedly, this is way too weird for most, but c'mon, how'd Giant Records ever get ahold of Divine anyways? After Icy Blue, Color Me Badd, yo...

Mellow Man Ace has always been my favorite Hispanic rapper, and *The Brother With Two Tongues* just confirms my opinion. Ace assembles 12 tracks with 6 different producers, gettin' off over all kindsa different tracks. The producers' diverse backgrounds (Muggs, Julio G., Baker Boyz, etc.) provide an excellent landscape for MMA ta get

rough on, with help at times from his brother **Sen Dog** (Cypress Hill), **Krazy D.**, **Chief T.**, and a mess of others in the background. I gotta see homeboy live, so get down here.

Be on the lookout for Def Jam West. I haven't heard any full lp's, but three of the groups contribute two tracks each on a sampler that was distributed at the New Music Seminar. **The Boss** is a psycho female rapper who comes off crazy hard on a track called "I Don't Give A Fuck," which kind of gets grating with its over catchy chorus. It do got potential though. **Sug** is way more L.A. He's got that West Coast gangsta thing style down pat, which is fine, but he's really not dropping anything new. Now the flip side of this sampler got new tracks from **EPMD**, **Serch**, **Onyx** and **Redman**, whose "How To Roll A Blunt" is currently #1 on Mattitude's Personal Playlist. Brother goes through all the steps and then some, even where to get the stogies.


Am I the only one who thought that was **Chi Ali** dissin' **Latifah**, **Monie**, **Lyte**, **Yo Yo** and all them on **Shante's** record? Who the hell does she think she is? Me? I'm ready for a full rhyme on battle, not that there's any need for it.

Zhigge got it goin' on, droppin' flavor Harlem style, reminding me of the Black Sheep in segments, keeping the NY Hip Hop set in step and mashin after a Magum 40 (my brand) or two. Once again, a groupd hard to class gettin' slept on. The few, the proud, the Zhigge fans gotta pump these brothers up.


Maybe we'll catch 'em at a hip hop showcase or two during the CMJ Music Marathon in October. Past participants have included Ice T., Organized Konfusion, Black Sheep, Son Of Bazerk, suffice it to say all the hip hops ya bobbing yer head to these day probably got wreck at one of the CMJ seminars over the years. They showcase all styles but do leave lotsa room for the rappers on the showcases, as well as on the panels. And it's cheap too. You can get a student rate for CMJ at around \$85 and only like \$195 to non students. So you gotta get there. Drive. You need a place to stay? Scam one. Just go. I am. Oh yeah, anybody wanna share some floor space? Show me some spots? It'd be muchly appreciated...

We all know *Yo! MTV Raps* got bumped to latenight, but now they got an hour. Sure, it's the best hip hop on tv (with RETV running a close second, more on that later) but what's up with Ed Lover dissin' **Mi Phi Mi**? No worry, I remember when he called YBT "Young Black and Stupid" then gave 'em props two weeks later. he don't dig Me Phi Me's acoustic joints. Me, yeah, I'm way into true hip hop, and Me Phi Me isn't exactly burnin up my tape deck, but ay, give that man his just props. Yet another state in the hip hop nation. More states, more doors. You can enter, exit, go from room to room, but the bigger we get, the

"I'VE TRIED EVERYTHING ... THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO GO."



psychoviolets *too little, too late*


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stronger we get. True hip hop comes from the heart, and if you can't hear the heart in *One, Me's* debut, you been slammin too much DJ Jimi.

Quik's crews. He produces and really doesn't do a bad job. He's got some funky tracks, but why cain't no Comptowners spel kno werds rite on dey rekits? If you groove to the pimp/player thing, then yeah, PPC gonna collect yet props, especially with DJ Quik, AMG, and Eaze E on a track called "Trust No Bitch" to get yer attention.

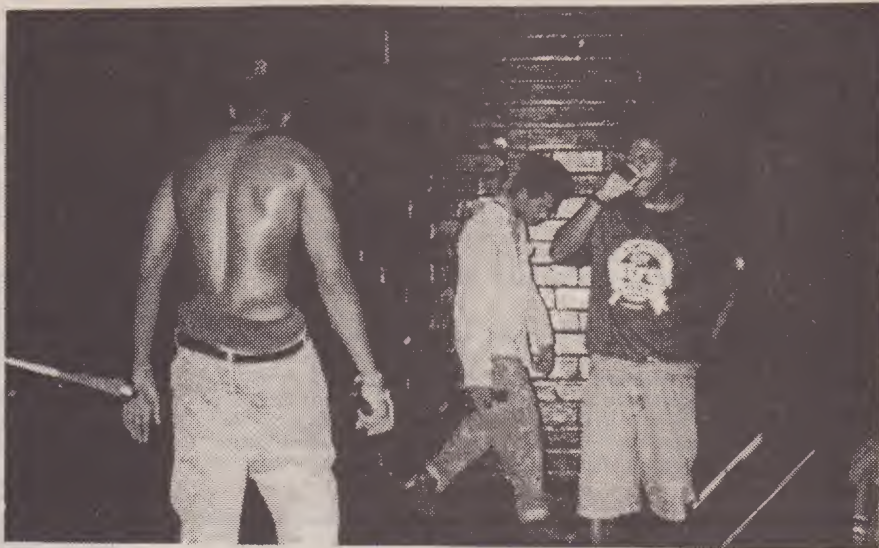
Oh shit, don't let me forget to speak on **Rap Entertainment Television**, an hour-long journey into the hip hop nation currently on Jersey City's cable channel 3. Produced and directed by Lamar Stephens and host Prince Kharique (who you may know from *Positively Black*), the show features videos, interviews, record reviews (calling **Disposable Heroes Of Hiphoprisy** "booty," ahem...) and editorials. It's for real, lots of heart, one of the best ways to peep the new hip hop nation and catch some true knowledge. They're trying to syndicate it around the country so keep an eye on your local cable channel for it.

And yo, on the wind down, true hip hop purists gonna go swivey over Jersey City's **Double XX Posse**. "Headcracker" just dropped the bomb, but you gotta check out the whole joint. Just strictly East Coast flavored beats and rhymes ta keep a brother like Mattitude glued to the walkman. They need to update "Headcracker" ever year, like "Gerardo on the comeback, that's a headcracker." Somethin' like that.

So I suppose I could go even further, like tellin' you to be on the lookout for the new YZ record. Check NJ's own **Crusaders For Real Hip Hop** for some '92 flavored Tony D. production. Of course, check out these fly newcomers: **Phlomatix**, Lord T., **Intelligent Black Minds**, **Pro Black Posse**, **H Town Hispanics**, **Three Wise**

Min, **Black B. Nimble**, and **Square Frame Garden**. Nationwide. Still want some demo tapes, so send 'em. Still want some radio show tapes so I can report on the national scope on that tip. So drop a line. In the immortal words of **Guru**, "Take 2 and passss." Out like Garanimals....

Three Wise Min, photo by Matt



CINDERBLOCK



"Nothing hurts like mini-skirts."



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Hello there and welcome to "Frayed At The Edges". My name is Hayley and I'm taking over the hard rock column. I decided to change the name of the column because I will be focusing on all types of metal, not just hard rock, so the name wouldn't fit anymore. Since this is the first time I'm writing the column, I thought it would be good to give a little background on myself. I have been involved in metal since 1987 and really immersed myself into the genre while I was in college. I was the heavy metal disc jockey there and heard a lot of great bands that many people don't get the opportunity to hear. My goal for this column is to highlight some great new talent, whether or not they are signed bands, as every great band was once unsigned themselves. So sit back and enjoy reading the reviews. Maybe you'll even find a new band or two that interests you. If any record companies or bands would like to submit material to be reviewed here, write to: Hayley Greif, P.O. Box 215, Hightstown, NJ 08520.

Sweden's UNLEASHED, have recently issued their second release "Shadows In The Deep" for Century Media Records. Unleashed is a tight, cohesive unit that has incredible speed and gruff vocals like many other death metal bands but they have added variety in all the instruments to give them a sound that stands out from the rest. Songs include "The Final Silence", "A Life Beyond" and the title track. Definitely one of the best death metal bands around, don't overlook them!

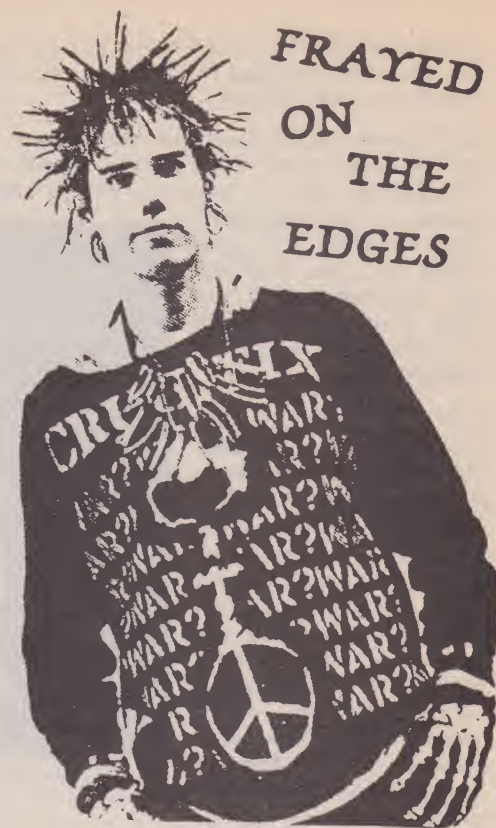
Do you like your music doomy with heavy guitar sounds? If you do, then the new TROUBLE release "Manic Frustration" is something you are sure to enjoy. The band has followed up their self-titled debut on Def American with another noteworthy release. Trouble takes the heaviness of bands like Black Sabbath and The Jimi Hendrix Experience and updates the sound for the 90s. Eric Wagner's vocals allow people to instantly recognize a Trouble song. On this release, the band has many hard driving songs like "Come Touch The Sky", the first single "Memory's Garden", and the title track. The band also has a couple of slower ballad type songs like "Rain".

BIG GROOVE, a four piece band from North Jersey, has released their latest demo tape: "Move To The Groove". The title of the demo fits the music and the mood of the songs. There are four grooving tunes here including two songs "Makin' Love" and "Just A Man" from their "Live Demo" (recorded in March 92). The members are Vinnie Basile (vocals), Bernie Schaefer (guitars), Marc Windler (bass), and Chris Thumann (drums). Musically the band's sound reminds me of Great White and Basile's singing is reminiscent of Jack Russell. If you like commercial rock in the vein of Great White, go out and get yourself a copy of the demo. Contact the band at Deja Vu Mgmt: (201)836-3409.

Even though this CD was originally released in 1991, I feel that it was unjustly overlooked by many people, including myself. If you are in need of an original band to blow you away, this is it - the GALACTIC COWBOYS self-titled debut on DGC Records. The band cannot be categorized as they incorporate all kinds of music for a sound that changes at the drop of a note. This originality is also shown in the presentation of the lyrics. Each song is written in the form of a letter to someone. Some songs include the heavy track "Kill Floor", the balladesque "Someone For Everyone", and the catchy "I'm Not Amused", with great backing vocals, thrash bits mixed with a harmonica and a couple of "Yee Haws". Why

wait another year before checking these guys out? You'll be glad you did.

If you like to listen to bluesy rock, you can go to Memphis or pick up the latest by one of Memphis's favorite sons, TORA TORA. "Wild America" is the band's second release on A & M Records and is almost like a walk down Beale Street. There are rockers like "Amnesia" and the title track, the song "Dead Man's Hand" which features the Memphis Horns, as well as ballads like "As Time Goes By" (which my mom? happened to hear and like). It took the band three years to get together and record this CD but I believe it was for the best. The band has matured as people and musicians, and this can be heard throughout the disc. Good going guys!



By Hayley Greif

Has anyone experienced a wipatracton? I just recently have while listening to "before the storm...", the three song demo from the New Jersey based WIPATRAC-TION. The band consists of Chris LeDonne (guitar), P. J. (drums), Will (vocals), and Michael Zincone (bass). This band is a commercial rock band that could easily be heard on a Top 40 station. They sound better than a lot of the bands you hear on the radio now. The music is catchy and Will's vocals blends in well. The songs include "Glass Of Time" and my pick for best song "Pouring Rain", which is the only one that has lyrics to it included as it is dedicated to everyone that has helped the band. To find out more about the band call (201)228-7366 or write to: Wipatracton, P.O. Box 42, Caldwell, NJ 07006.

Restless Records has given us a new French import recently, the 4 piece death metal band MERCYLESS.



The band's debut "Abject Offerings" is a really good first effort, from the production to the presentation of the music. I was excited with what I heard when I put in the CD. The vocals by guitarist Max Otero are impressive and not hampered by the fact English is not his first language. The music is typical death metal, fast and harsh, reminding me of Obituary. That is probably why I like the band so much. Hopefully the band can get some recognition and make it in the United States. Maybe they can find a popular band to cover one of their songs. (NOT!) Seriously, this will be a band to watch out for in the future.

Staten Island is the home of the band ETERNAL NIGHTMARE, who have recently put out their five song demo "Shadows Of Reality". Eternal Nightmare sound like they are a five piece band but in reality they are a trio: Joe Kiernan (bass and vocals), Jay Giaccio (guitar and vocals), and Steve Randall on drums. The band musically is in the same vein as the CroMags on Alpha-Omega as they too are able to mix thrash with punk influenced vocals. The songs are all good, and the production of the songs is really well done. The standouts for me are "Passing Through" and "Easy Way Out". "Shadows Of Reality" is one of the best local demos I've heard lately and would recommend that you go out and help support the local scene by getting yourself a copy. For more information on the band call (718)448-9148 or write to: Eternal Nightmare, c/o Jay, 15 Ruth St., Staten Island, NY 10314.

Roadrunner's SOLITUDE AETURNUS first went "Into The Depths Of Sorrow" and now they are going "Beyond The Crimson Horizon" with their latest release. This release takes over right where "Into..." left off. The band musically would fall under the category of doom metal. While listening to the tape I imagined being in a dark room with candles burning and the music in the background. All the songs are well written and include titles like "It Came Upon One Night" and "The Hourglass". The members have been influenced by Candlemass and seem to be following in the footsteps of their mentors. A couple of people I know who love Candlemass have really gotten into Solitude Aeternus, even to the point of liking Solitude more. Where can you get a better recommendation than that?!

John O'Donald's new in town... He's only been in San Francisco a few months and already he's been seduced, arrested, drugged, tortured and repeatedly deceived. Who can he trust? His lover, Connie, the pierced and tattooed North Beach stripper? His best friend, Tony, the paranoid tightrope walker? Adonia, high priestess of Haight Street sex magick? Carl, freelance urban terrorist? The FBI? Maybe no one. Find out for yourself in David McCord's darkly depraved novel of lust and deception,

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"Threnody For The Chronically Malcontent" probably shouldn't be in here at all, since it's a play. I thought I'd stick it in the front as a lead to mention Jim knows me pretty well. I am definitely chronically malcontent. With the temperature hovering in the mid 80's, I am wishing it wasn't so fucking hot. When I do the next column, I'll be wishing it wasn't so fucking cold. Anyway, we have a lot of tapes this issue, so...

Oh, the above tape is 90 minutes of horror-like fun. Well done, and good for a few laughs. It's from Scat Records, PO Box 141161, Cleveland OH 44114.

ANNIE RAPID (188 Orchard St, NYC 10002) It would be extremely easy to label this as folk/pop and to compare the lady to Joan Baez. However I'm not sure that would do this 3-song EP justice. Well-written songs delivered in a manner which makes one want more. If this was a full length album, it would get many hours of play in my house. Great stuff.

"bob had a gerbil" (Mutant Press, 2813 Cumberland, Berkeley MI 48072) I was tempted to throw this out. Jerome Youngman has been hobnobbing with big shots, so he puts out a four-song tape which runs about nine minutes and charges 5 bucks for it. Bah! A mixture of styles, nothing good.

BRANIAC (PO Box 703, Dayton OH 45409) Punk lovers alert! This is a hot shot punk band! The tape has a "music side" on one side and an "empty side" on the other, which is a neat idea. Comes with a sticker that says, "Fuck Y'All, We're From Dayton."

BROTHER EYE (PO Box 692, Buckingham PA 18912) Pretty orange tape. Two guys who have been together for some time and revolving drummers. I can't classify this one. The seven songs were all different, everything from pure pop to experimental industrialism.

CONFUSE A CAT - "Ankles" (288 E Maple #130, Birmingham MI 48009) The promo says this band from Detroit "does not lead to easy categorization." Well, I can categorize it -- jumbled, fractured, experimental pop. Could be the rage of the future, but hopefully it won't get here until I'm gone. Demo quality sound.

CRAZY ALICE - "Wheel" (157 Murdock #3, Brighton MA 02135) Well, I was tempted to ship this back and direct it to Frank Phobia to see if this band has changed that much or if it's just the difference in our ears. Frank reviewed an earlier version of this release in JB #45 and called it "poppy." Sounds like grungy punk to me. And bad. As in, "not good."

DAMIEN DANIELS (PO Box 7186, Jersey City NJ 07307) A one-man effort in an acoustic, melodic, balladsy (yeah, I now that ain't a word, but heck, Mike Gunderloy ain't around to make up words anymore) style. Songs of life and love and society. An excellent solo effort from the former lead singer of Horror Time.

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culture

By Rodney Leighton

EAST RIVER PIPE - "I Used To Be Kid Colgate" (Hell Gate Prods, PO Box 6053, Astoria NY 11106) Another one-man show. F.M. Cornog writes the songs, performs them and records them in his apartment. I enjoy his pop music, although this one may be a tad bland. I would praise him even if I didn't like his stuff. It may not be fancy or hi-fi, but it's easy to listen to with a message. Anyone looking for music with a message, or just good background music, should check this out.

EVERY DAMN DAY - "Flanders" (no address) A demo with the same four songs on both sides. Very good pop/punk. "Girl On The Rebound" is, I think, the best song. Of course, it's the last cut on the tape. No one listens to Jim's advice!

GALACTIC RODEO "Probably Nothing" (5355 Pennsylvania Ave No., New Hope MN 55428) A metal band with good potential. I liked the second song, "Black Blooded Spirits," best, but the other one is pretty good as well. Recommended.

GREENHOUSE EFFECT - "Going Legit" (1415 Main St #720, Worchester MA 01603) Well, this band lost a member since I last heard them and gained a semi-pro label. They also seem to have gone more garage-like than the earlier edition. This tape doesn't compare to the earlier demo, in my hummer opinion. (By the way, "Ben Is Dead" doesn't appear to be a distribe against Ben Weasel. It might've been better if it had been.)

HALLEY AND THE HAND JIVE (No address) A four song demo. Great gods and small black cats! Some gals sing like angels and soothe your soul. Some screech and grate on your nerves. This one is trying to do country-rock. In the middle of the second play, I screamed, took the tape out of the machine and threw it away! Guess which category she fits in?

JOHN BARTLES - "Fixation" Eight humorous bits done in an easy, raspy style. Recorded in ten hours. The liner says, "if you don't like it, go record your own album." Great attitude, eh?

KIRK SWAN (1251 No Flores #5, W Hollywood CA 90069) A nice pop/rock demo from a guy who's been around since 1978 (most notably as an original member of Boston's Dumptruck.) A one-man deal recorded on 4 track.

MICHAEL J BOWMAN - "Diamond Mind Hero" (PO Box 316, NYC 10276) Mike Bowman has done it again. A nice 10-song release of pop music, with some telling lyrics, as well as some humorous ones. Does it all himself - writes, sings, plays everything, and records them on worn out home equipment. Send him 5 bucks for this tape and support a true artist.

PECULIAR CHILD - "Single" (PO Box 5253, Jersey City NJ 07305) I was strongly tempted to blast these guys. The first tape I got from them had no info on it. The second copy had an address on it. It wouldn't matter if it was shit, but Peculiar Child put out excellent punk rock. So, the review for the second tape goes, "Three excellent punk rock songs. The title song is god; "Hell's Kitchen" ain't bad, and "These Women" is a top-notch song. Everyone should write for a copy and tell them to get their act together!

PHANTOM PHORTY - "Phylogeny" (PO Box 1791, Bensalem PA 19020) I stuck this tape in the player in my truck on the way to work at 5 am the other day but soon took it out. Not the sort of stuff to wake you up. Played it on the way home. Civil Allen and some anonymous band doing "Instrumental Contemporary New Age Pop." Good stuff if you like instrumentals and/or computer-generated music.

ROBERT BURKE WARREN - "Downtown Cavalier" (113 St Marks Place, #4E, NYC 10003) An excellent demo from this 27 year old native of Atlanta, who has been in too many bands to count (most notably the Fleshtones). "Brave Love" is a rock-like song and probably the best on the tape. (And it's the first cut - hurrah!) "Night Madness," the fourth and last song, is very poppy.

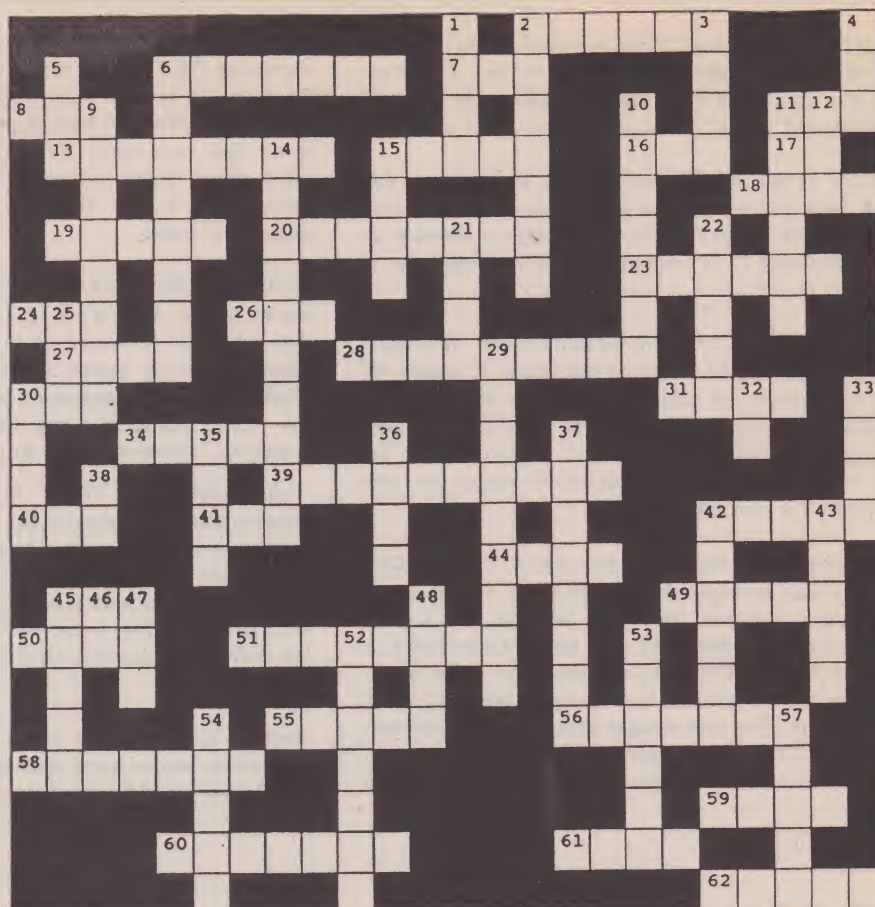
THE MARYS - "Your Friends The Marys" (1014 Washington St, Hoboken NJ 07030) Vocalist Ann Walsh looks something like the Mary in Peter, Paul & Mary. With partner Don Brody and a few friends, she produced a nice sound which sounds sort of alike a more countrified Peter, Paul & Mary. This is an excellent release. Side two starts off with "The Day Roy Orbison Died," which was a tragic day for me.

Rodney Leighton lives in the woods and loves cassettes. He invites you to send your cassette-only releases to him for review at RR#3, Pugwash, Nova Scotia, CANADA B0K 1L0.



SEED

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ACROSS

DOWN

2. Love Pusher's singer
6. Short for American Standard
7. Ambient guru and Feelies mentor
8. Philly-based fanzine/newspaper
11. Maximum zine
13. Home of Fugazi
15. Ricky Barone was one
16. Early NJ hardcore band
17. What skinheads say
18. The Dictators' Shernoff
19. Frequent sight at CBGB hardcore matinees
20. Our least favorite format
23. Sweet Lizard
24. Lemonheads' Its A Shame About
26. Unpalatable flavor of Vanilla
27. Minneapolis grunge rockers ---- Of Flies
28. Da man who does da hip hop column
30. Soul Asylum's Murphy
31. Classic Frisco punk band
34. Used to do cartoons and make fun of Cosloy
39. Kind of music Mick Hale likes
40. Hysterical oldies fanzine
41. Pomus
42. Urban ____ Fanzine
44. What a wolfman does
45. NYC garage band, Vacant
49. World's greatest rock critic
50. Silly alternative name for "alternative" rock
51. Slang for New Brunswick
55. Mr Spock's dad
56. These are usually 7 inches across
58. Perpetually nervous popsters from Haledon NJ
59. One kind of Prostate
60. Used to live in Trenton, has lots of tattoos
61. Birthplace of punk, and they book too many bands every night!
62. Johnny Puke is one

1. They believe in Boognish
2. Home of the Bongos
3. Opposite of Bobby Steele's band
4. Kind of plug rock critics wear instead of give
5. Philly punk band on Buy Our Recs
6. Where they have the punk shows in NYC
9. The grumpiest man in the world
10. What you're reading
11. He reviews cassette culture
12. Trent Reznor's anagrammatic industrial band
14. Opinionated loudmouth
15. Drums, guitar, vocals and ____
21. Any MTV veejay, for instance
22. Sexpod's bassist
25. Teenybopper Swedish pop band
29. Our old advice column, "Ask The
30. Manitoba
32. Editor of Suburban Voice zine
33. Courtney
35. Swirl found in New Brunswick
36. Johnny
37. World's coolest rock club
38. German punk fanzine
42. Loudmouth's named Ben
43. The Boss (not Bruce)
45. Paul Decolator's flannel shirted punk/pop band
46. Favorite Shelter phrase
47. Jersey Beat writer Angelli
48. Donny The
52. Three mooks who sold lots of lp's
53. His mommy was a Martian
54. A band's first recordings
57. Iron Prostate's lead singer

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% Jersey Beat

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**Jersey
Beat
Crossword**

Record Reviews

360's

Supernatural, CD

Link

Nothing amuses me more than a bunch of hippies with no sense of humor... but hell, we won't hold that against them, since God knows we got some good garage psychedelia here. Frontwoman Audrey Clark sounds like what I imagine Janis Joplin sounded like before booze and cigarettes. Yea, she has an air of Innocence about her, but the ethereal songs complete with brainstorming solos more than make up for it. This is an official 90's psychedelic band - no reprocessed material. Although I think they should have spent a little less time and money in the studio. -- Greg M.

8-BARK

Structurally Sound, Ip

Underdog, PO Box 14182, Chicago IL 60614

...and what a Sound it is! Allow me to introduce you to 8 Bark. If you haven't already met, what can I say? They are one of the best melodic-punk bands I've ever heard, and they move me unlike any other band I can think of. This lp is a followup to the two awesome EP's they've done on their own Underdog Records, and it keeps the ball steamrolling its way right into my heart. With the release of this EP, 8 Bark have proven they know how to write catchy songs even when dealing with disjointed rhythms and odd tempo changes. I just can't get over the way this one chugs along and makes my arms all goose-pimply. The accompanying booklet is sheer genius, with photos, lyrics and some cool stories. This lp translates into just one question for me: Tour? - Mike L.

THE ACCUSED

Splatter Rock. CD

Nastymix, 800 Tower Bldg, 7th & Olive, Seattle WA 98101

The song "She's Back" screams at you the following: "Martha's not fucking around/she grabs you by the hair, slamming your head into the concrete/again and again, again and again." That pretty much sums up this record, as the Accused return (with Martha leading the way). With typical sore-throat howls from the lungs of singer Blaine, hard-hitting fast rhythms with catchy twists, and the rap-beat sample-happy ditty "Greenwood House Of Medicine," you have one taste, blood-quenching metal massacre. Earache bands will be jealous. - Frank P.

ALL

Percolator, LP

Cruz

All's newest release, Percolator, is yet another bad attempt to cash in and make music. But If the band was trying to recreate the jazz-fused, punked-out, whiney vocal, off-time, tedious and monotonous style of their last few records, they have succeeded. As talented as they are, All can't handle playing in 4/4 time anymore. As for the lyrics, they're as dopey and bizarre as ever, which In my opinion is just great. How about, "She spent the money on a loaf of Wonderbread/and a can of Beefaroni Italian food today/what does he think when he pours himself a drink/and he looks at me that way?" Stick to their first two albums, they're grrrrreeeeat! - Alex S.

B-52'S

Good Stuff. CD

Reprise

Like those other current groove-is-in-the-hearthrobs Dee Lite, the B-52's make you think a little about the "Bad Influence" in this darned world, and then suggest salvation in groovy grooves and rhythmic hip shaking. With politically correct, sexy lyrics to please the teenyboppers and yuppies, a history that earns props from the alternative crowd, and Don Was and Nile Rodgers producing again, this should break as big as Cosmic Thing, their last monster ip. And it deserves to, from the moment Kate Pierson wraps her pipes around the opener, "Tell it Like it T-I-S," which had me shaking my butt AND pumping my fist to the chorus. "Hot Pants Explosion" is equally great: "You burned a hole in my mind/when I saw your cute behind." Half the material is only good, and several songs go on too long, but why cut the fun off at three minutes when you can let it bounce on for five or even seven? -- Mark Weiss

BAD TRIP

Fear And Loathing. CD

Wreckage

Old-school NY/HC -- heavy guitars, tons of bass, real fast drums, and a singer who screams bloody murder. Eighteen songs and not a melody (or sense of humor) to be found anywhere. Lots of cool mosh parts, though. - Jim T.

BAND OF SUSANS

The Peel Sessions. CD

Dutch East

Cynic that I am, I can't help wonder why, when no one's heard from Band Of Susans in New York for months on end, they've suddenly got a Peel Sessions live CD out. Could it be because these sessions date back to 1988, when the then-unknown but now red-hot Page (Helmet) Hamilton was in the band? For those unfamiliar with the group, BoS was doing the wall-of-guitar-distortion thing way before it was trendy, working from the more academic model of Rhys Chatham and Glenn Branca's styles than the poppier and more low-brow Jesus & Mary Chain version of this sound. It's still cool stuff (although Page didn't do anything in this band but strum chords, which is why he quit to start Helmet.) - Jim T.

BIG CHIEF

Face, CD

Sub-Pop

The best effort yet from these big guys from Detroit. With monster riffs, Zep Vs. Tad structures, and lotsa blues, the backups by vocalist extraordinaire Thornetta Davis take these songs from mediocre grunge to new heights. One listen doesn't do it. The big sound on this grew on me. If these guys ever go on a diet so they'll fit on MTV, watch out! - Frank P.

BILLY GOAT

Bush Roaming Mammals. CD

Hollywood

More white-man rap/funk. Some of these songs aren't bad but most of the CD gets pretty old really quick. I was just down in

Texas, where I understand these guys are popular, although I did see quite a few t-shirts that read "Fuck Billy Goat." A matter of opinion, I suppose. - Danny E.

BONE CLUB

"Beautiflu," EP/CD

Big Store/Rocket Sound

Alternative metal with a funky beat from the Twin Cities, although these guys had to go to Germany to find a label willing to put them in the studio and make this record. Bone Club strike a neat compromise between heavy metal and alterna-pop, with evocative vocals and beautiful production. This might even be a little too polished for diehard fans of grungier, punk-rock stuff, although these guys have paid plenty of dues as a do-it-yourself label (Rocket Sound) and working club band. - Jim T.

BOY O BOY

Shish-k: Bob, CD

Bob Records, 2002B Hanover Ave, Richmond VA 23220

Very reminiscent of old-school ska. One instrumental is excellent ("Barber Of Skaville") and they do the first ska version of "Purple Haze" I've ever heard. There is some really unnecessary stuff here, though, like the song about parallel parking, of all things. - Danny E.

BUGOUT SOCIETY

Yo! Baby, 'Sup?, CD

Drunken Shaolin, PO Box 1014, Yonkers NY 10704

Look, I like these guys. They're among the founding fathers of the ABC No Rio scene, altho they get scant credit for it, and they're funny and dedicated and put lots of energy (not to mention hamburger meat) into their live shows. But not every punk band in the world needs an 11-song CD on their resume, and after about five tunes' worth of Charlie Boswell's cabdriver-from-hell vocals, I'm

ready to hit the eject button. Still, these guys write about New York shit that nobody else will touch, and I love the way they embrace their ethnicity (you KNOW who's Jewish and who's Italian and whatnot in this band) instead of escaping into that generic Aryan straightedge Nowhereland where most American hardcore dwells. - Jim T.

CARTER THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE

1992, The Love Album, CD

Chrysalis

When I saw Carter USM open for EMF in New York last year, I couldn't stand the bloody beggars and couldn't for the life of me figure out why the British press makes such a big deal over them. But this album is a balls up surprise -- like EMF, Carter USM makes danceable punk, but with way better lyrics and a pawky sense of humor I find smashing. The only problem is that most Americans will need a U.K./American dictionary to figure out what he's saying. - Jim

CYCOMOTOGOAT, 4-song CD

De Es El Records, Box 140 Midtown Sta, NYC 10018

Formerly known as the BahGah Brothers, Cycomotogoat is the first band I've heard that's been influenced by this new wave of post-Grateful Dead hippie funk (Spln Doctors, Blues Traveler, Phish, etc.) In fact, Blues Traveler John Popper makes a guest appearance here, along with fellow hippie funkster Emilio from the Sweet Lizard Illtet. These four tunes are all basically jams, with lots of swirling guitar effects and hazy, slightly offkey vocals. They strike a nice groove and at least it's not more of that lead-footed white-boy funk, more like jazz-influenced punk. - Jim T.



Dandelion Fire

DANDELION FIRE

Dandelion Fire, CD

Well Primed Records

The latest New Brunswick sensation to debut on Well Primed plays a riffy, swirly brand of British dance pop, with a strong taste of Manchesterish psychedelic pop. But these guys aren't shoegazers. In fact, the cuts on this disc rock a lot harder than the band does on stage, where the music tends to be a little more dancey. Last time I saw them at The Bank, half the crowd was stoned on E, and the rest just high on the music. - Jim T.

DEAD MILKMEN

Soul Rotation, CD

Hollywood

Listening to a Dead Milkmen lp always makes me feel like the only guy at a doper party not smoking pot. Everyone else is giggling and having a great time, but I don't get any of the jokes. Every couple of years, the Milkmen do write a good song, like "Bitchin' Camaro" or "Punk Rock Girl," but mostly you get lame tunes full of weak jokes played and sung by a band that clings to amateurishness like it was a badge of honor. Punk Rock does not mean that you act like you don't have any talent, ok? - Jim T.

DEEP JIMI & THE ZEP CREAMS

"Blowup," CD-EP

Technicolour

I caught this quartet of 19-year old transplanted Vikings during the New Music Seminar and got a royal kick out of their feverishly earnest attempt to be the next Led Zeppelin. On disc - produced by Kramer, no less - the joke wears thin a lot faster, but if you like high-powered bluesy cock-rock, you could do a lot worse. - Jim T.

DEFIANCE

Beyond Recognition, lp

Roadracer

There's nothing like good old fashioned thrash, and believe me, these guys do it well. I hate hype but I'd have to say that Defiance are probably the best new thrash band to come along in quite some time. They have it all. Their songs are original, the playing is excellent, and their melody lines stick in your head. What more could you ask for? Quick little riffs with a real groove to them, and really enjoyable solos, make the guitar playing here stand out. The rest of the band aren't bad either, especially the drums. This is an exceptionally good thrash album, and there aren't a lot of them coming out anymore. - Chris P.

DICK NIXONS

Paint The White House Black, CD

Triple X

Hands down, all-out gimmick. Nixon '92. Absolutely one of the 90's funniest live acts. The Dead Milkmen could take lessons. However, this 19 song rahrah for Tricky Dick doesn't cut it. I suggests at all costs see this band before they disappear. This is a great party disc but it's purely a novelty item. - Frank P.

DIM STARS

Dim Stars, CD

Caroline

If Punk Rock were an Olympic event, this might have been our Dream Team: Thurston Moore and Steve Shelly from Sonic Youth, Don Fleming from Gumball/Velvet Monkeys, backing Richard Hell on vocals. The results sound like these guys had a lot of fun making this, with plenty of swirly distorted guitar grunge and some inspired

lyrics from Mr. Hell, especially "Memo To Marty" and "Downtown At Dawn." As an added bonus, Hell's old pal Robert Quine contributes his unique guitar skronk to a few cuts. Not exactly classic but the best Sonic Youth side project in a long time, anyway, and the least silly thing Don Fleming's put his name on in ages. - Jim T.

ELVIS HITLER

Supersadomasochisticexplalidocious, CD

Restless

A true "Spinal Tap"-like feminist nightmare, since a majority of the songs are macho, not really funny, anti-women, shock-metal. Only a few hints of old Elvis Hitler type songs like "Dickweed" and "Shove That Sax" save this from being an embarrassing piece of shit. And two versions of "Yummy, Yummy, Yummy"? One is enough. Too bad, some predictable, tired crap from a one-time unpredictably funny band. - Frank P.

FAITH NO MORE

Angel Dust, CD

Slash

It's almost impossible to describe Faith No More, since every song here sounds like it was patched together by a different band. Mike Patton's chameleonesque voice changes to fit the music, whether it's nasty Zappa-esque punk-splatter ("Land Of Sunshine") or a funky blues riff ("Be Aggressive") or some hallucinogenic noise jam posing as a song. But Roddy Bottum's keyboards are no less amazing, shapeshifting from the brassy notes of a circus calliope to elegant glissandos of classical piano. (And if you leave one of these songs humming the riff, chances are it was played by the keyboards.) In a music industry where most bands are trying to snuff out the latest trend so they can copy it, Faith No More remain committed to taking their music wherever they want and letting the public follow them (or not.) Kinda like R.E.M., only louder. - Jim T.

FALSE FRONT

Dude, LP

Shimmydisc

Let's start by saying False Front is one of the best new bands in NJ right now, and this album has spent more time on my turntable than anything else in the last two years. The problem is trying to adequately describe it. Try to imagine some mad scientist cloning a



singer from cells from Iggy Stoooge and Lou Reed. Then put together a band of enormously talented guitarists and a drummer who weave songs that sound like they're a yard thick and evoke a dozen different emotions. False Front can be sassy, sad, sexy, lonely, or ballsier than shit, and I only wish their label wasn't so damn cheap when it came to things like lyrics sheets and band photos. Their live show is everything the album is, cranked up six times. Amazing. - Jim T.

THE FASTBACKS

The Question Is No, CD

Sub-Pop

The full-blown anthology from this veteran punk outfit makes me ask a lot of questions, like.... Why the hell isn't The Fastbacks a household name? How can they still be making the same blend of punk harmony with everyday drama? And are they really from Seattle? This lp contains all their singles from 1980 to the present, and I think Duff McKagan plays the traps on a song or two, but don't quote me on that. Get it for your favorite punker this year instead of buying 'em that Ramones butt-plug they've been talking about. - Greg M.

FAT TUESDAY

Califuneral, CD

Red Decibel

Amalgams. That's the word I've heard used to describe bands like Fat Tuesday. Bands like Psychefunkapus, Fungo Mungo, Lucy Brown, etc. who put together different musical styles such as funk, thrash, rock, and rap to come up with a supposedly unnameable style of their own. While I like the concept, few bands do it right; and while I won't bother naming the bands I feel can do it, I will say that Fat Tuesday isn't one of them.

Like a lot of bands in this "non-style," the songs here aren't given a chance to grow and become entities of their own. It's a funk part here, a thrash part there, a soft part here, and the song has no real sound of its own. Do this ten times and you'll have an album that has no style at all. For the most part, that's what Fat Tuesday has come up with here. - Chris P.

FLAMING LIPS

Hlt To Death In The Future Head, CD

Warner Bros.

Somewhere, there's an A&R man who convinced his boss that this would sell more than 2000 copies. He must've been on the same drugs that the Lips took when they made this. "Gingerale Afternoon" has a nice 60's garage beat to it, but most of this is lysergic stupidity. - Jim T.

FLOP

The Fall Of The Mopsqueezer!, CD

Frontier

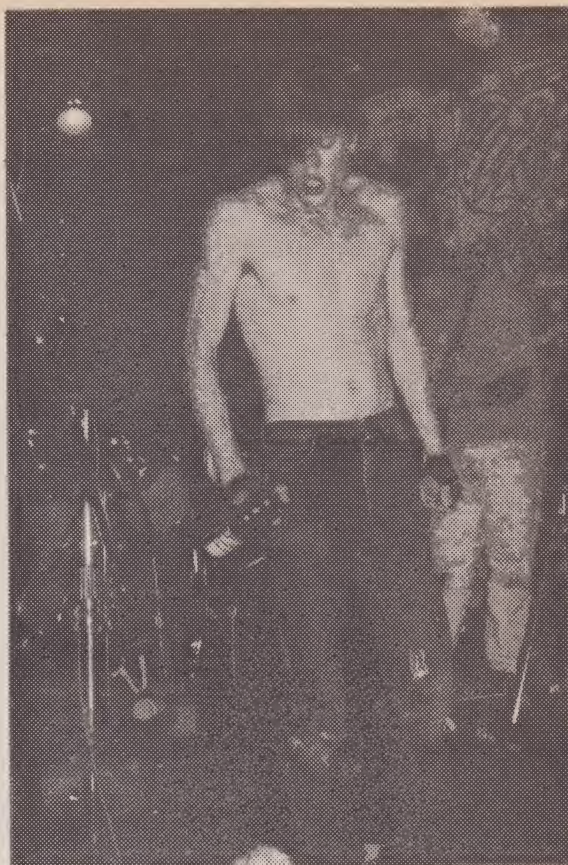
Cool catchy punk rock with the same Beatles '65 influences as, say, the Cavedogs. Only being from Seattle, a place where it's dank and rainy 11 months of the year, Flop come off as a little less manic and a little more melancholy, without falling back on any of the grunge-rock cliches that's made their hometown famous. - Jim T.

TED FRANKO

"Shoot My Boss," CD-single

Newpost, PO Box 245, Buchanan NY 10511

Someone handed me this CD at ABC No Rio and said, "this is my dad. It's kind of a joke." Which is true, although it's not a terribly



False Front

funny one. Some old guy who looks and sounds like Archie Bunker sings songs of teen angst to a hardcore beat. A ridiculous waste of time and money on somebody's part. - Jim T.

GARGOYLES

Without End, CD

Sympathy/ Suede Brain, PO Box 17562, S.F. CA 94117

This Frisco band has been banging out quality punk for years now, mostly unheralded and unheard (at least here on the East Coast). Actually, this is more pre-Punk, a ferocious mix of Stooges, MC5, NY Dolls and early Ramones with cool vocals and catchy hooks. Well worth checking out if you've never heard of the band. - Jim T.

GIRLS AGAINST BOYS

Ninetles Vs. Eighties, CD

Dischord

D.C.'s Soulsides, minus Bobby Sullivan, plus Eli Janney. However, this band sounds nothing like Soulsides and, in fact, this album represents shifting lineups (only Janney and Scott McCloud have been constants). Experimental, industrially-pounding, not D.C.-sounding at all, and interesting. A nice break from the usual Dischord fare. Most will not agree but I love it. D.C. Foetus! Long live Eli, Scott, Alexis, Johnny, or whoever this band is. - Frank P.

GRIFFERS

So Happy Together, CD

PO Box 12362, Memphis TN 38182

These guys KNOW it... They understand the power of it.. and they make it soooooo sweet. Noise, ma' boys, noise. Like a futuristic

motorcycle gang of flies making their way down Medulla Oblongata into Cerebral Hemisphere, the Grifters cook up some heady weirdness that'll leave you screaming for... something. Rock N Roll ala' Flaming Lips and Steelpole Bathtub. - Greg M.

GRAY MATTER

Thog, CD

Dischord

Top Ten Reasons to like Gray Matter

1. Geoff Turner sings like Richard Hell
2. They're the last band on Dischord that likes melodies
3. They do a Beatles cover
4. They don't wear silly outfits like Nation of Ulysses
5. They're in touch with their feelings (see kissy huggy band photo)
6. It's on Dischord
7. When they play fast, they sound like the Stooges
8. Gray Matter is not "post-modern" or "post-hardcore"
9. "Thog" is a cool name for an album
10. They're not from Seattle - Jim T.

HELL NO

Skin Job, lp

Wardance, 216 E 6th St, NYC 10003

The best NY/HC release I've heard this year, which isn't saying much, I know. Hell No have that ABC No Rio grindcore vocal thing, but the guitars/bass and drums show an amazing diversity, from stomping mosh-metal to whirring industrial buzz. And the production has a nice clean ring to it, not like all that muddy-sounding shit coming out of Don Fury's studio. You can buy this at ReConstruction Records, which is where I bought my copy (thanks, Freddy, and you still owe me \$15 for that Citizens Arrest ad two years ago!!!) - Jim T.

FREEDY JOHNSTON

Can You Fly, CD

Bar None

I feel bad panning this record, because Johnston means so well. But that's his fatal flaw. There's a loose but driving backup band, nice melodies, hooks and harmonies, and fine guitar fills here, but they can't mesh around Johnston because he's trying so hard to be heartfelt. His voice is something thin and often affected, rarely achieving the emotional punch he's straining for. Lyrics like "There really is a town called hopeless/on a faded map circled in blue" don't help. Johnston sounds especially slight in the duet "Down in Love," set against Syd Straw's clear, melancholy voice. - Mark W.

JUICEMEN

Downtime, CD EP

Boit, PO Box 1759, Port Chester NY 10573

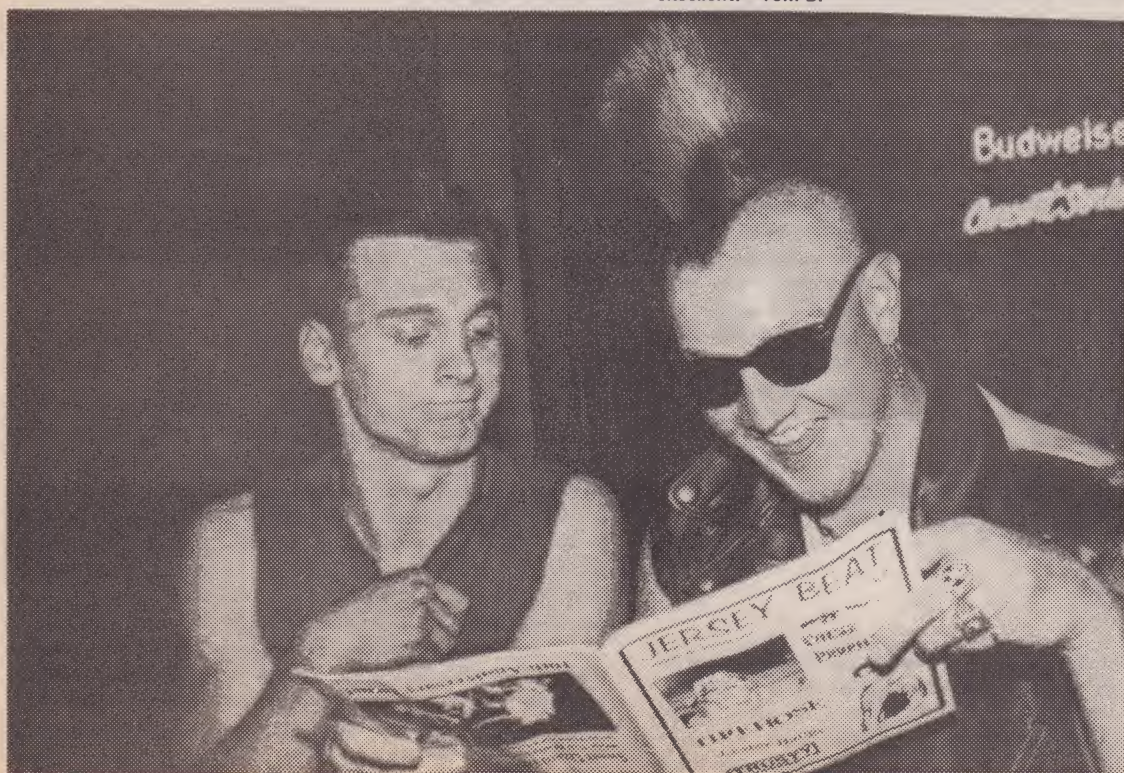
Jeez, there are quite a few really good songs on this disc, which surprises me. Because I saw a picture of this band in some other magazine, and they looked like a Southern rock band. The tune very quite a bit through many types of guitar-heavy pop songs, with harmonies and an occasional semi-punk romp. - Bill L.

kiaro skuro

Real Time, CD

Well Primed

This is the followup to kiaro skuro's wonderful self-titled EP of late 1990, and while following in similar soundscapes, expands on the talents of the fine musicians in this group. Sara Lyons' captivatingly haunting, honest vocals are at the forefront, as the band creates not just a sound but a mood - a mood that, as described by song titles like "Signifying Nothing" and "Blank," is more realistic than depressing. Like their previous EP, this is one release by a local band that I'll continually pull out of my collection and remember as truly excellent. - Tom B.



KINGMAKER

Eat Yourself Whole, CD
Chrysalis

Reviews in the British music press had me thinking Kingmaker was a cross between Ned's Atomic Dustbin and Carter USM. Oh boy. But on this lp, they wound more like a less-preentious U2. Oh yawn. - Jim T.

LUNGFISH

Talking Songs For Walking, CD
Dischord

Dischord continues to branch out from its hardcore roots finding more progressive-sounding D.C. bands all the time. Lungfish find a heavy groove riff for each song and the guitars repeat it over and over, while the vocals tell scary stories (more psycho than emo, actually) and the drums go nuts. This is produced and mixed to have a lighter sound than they do live, when these tunes get so heavy and weirded-out they sound like worksongs in Ming The Merciless' industrial dungeon. - Jim T.

MR. T EXPERIENCE

Milk Milk Lemonade, CD
Lookout

First off, the CD cover gets a grade of AA+. It's a picture of the best lunchboxes of the 70's (Flying Nun, Family Affair, Evil Knievel, Kiss, etc.) So when you actually listen to the music, you discover the band has been influenced by all the kitsch pictured on the lunch boxes, from Kiss to the Brady Bunch. Amazing Fun. - Frank P.

MELVINS

Solo EP's, CD5
Boner

This must have seemed like a good idea at the time -- have the three Melvins each do a solo EP just like Kiss did, with the same artwork and everything. But did they actually expect anyone to buy these things?? - Jim T.

MONO MEN

Wrecker, CD
Estrus

If I threw a party, I think the three bands I'd have play would be Gas Huffer, Prisonshake, and the Mono Men. Besides being cheaper than Mudhoney, the amount of Rockin' Fun (tm) would be tripled. Mono Men have put out so many singles and compilation tracks that it would cost you a small fortune to collect them all. But you can at least cough up 12 bucks for one of the finest garage-rock albums of my generation. It's called "Wrecker" and it's 14 songs long. For less than a buck a song, you can be a sport. I dare you not to move at least one part of your body to "Watch Outside" or "Took That Thing." Marvel at Dave Cider's sorethroated growl on "Swampland." Who says retro is shit? Retro is fun and if you like this kind of down'n' dirty rock stuff, the Mono Men (to borrow a Judy Jetsonism) is totally Intergalactic. - Jodi S.

MONSTER ZERO

Wreck, CD
Sonic Bubblegum

This Minneapolis band's debut CD had me going nuts, trying to figure out who they remind me of. Then it finally hit me -- Nirvana. God, what a horrible thing to say. But there's the same simple punk/grunge songs, the same intensely emotional vocals, the same talent for catchy hooks. The only difference is that Minneapolis is old

news and Seattle is hot shit, otherwise these guys might sell four million records. I certainly wouldn't mind, this is one of my favorite discs of the year. - Jim T.

MUCKY PUP

Act Of Faith, CD
Century Media

Confucius say: He who plays funny metal-rap-freak-pop-reggae-mosh, never becomes good at any of it. Act Of Faith is the kind of album you can take with you to the next frat party and not worry about getting kicked out. With lyrics like, "I've got a friend, Mr. Right Hand, whoa whoa whoa, yeah, yeah yeah," who's going to stop slinging long enough to see you run the keg out to your car? However, I did enjoy their array of samples (Dustin Hoffman, Prince, Den Dennis, Black Crowes, Mojo Nixon). Still, not a sound investment. - Greg M.

JOHNNY QUEST

10 Million Summers, CD
Blue Dude, 5214 Western Blvd, Raleigh NC 27606

More stale funk/rap. Yawn. Their cover of "Fight The Power" is so bad that I find it almost offensive. - Danny E

REVOLVER

Baby's Angry, CD
Dist. by Caroline

Whattaya think about this flood of "We can dance, look, we cool - we do acid - we sound alike!" bands from England? This is more than an invasion, it's a fucking plague. Revolver fits right smack dab in the middle of it all. This album combines their first three EP's on one disc, but it all winds up sounding like one incredibly long song that would have any Beatles fan willing to barter their soul for earplugs. - Greg M.

RHYTHM PIGS

Choke On This, CD
C/Z

This is a reissue of two Rhythm Pigs albums (Rhythm Pigs and Choke On This) on one CD. I somehow overlooked this band's first time around and never realized how much I dig them. Melodic, fun, classic... essential. A wrenchin' kickin' version of "The Peanuts Theme" makes up for the half-rockin' unneeded cover of Hendrix' "Fire." All you young'uns, go find some missed punk rock roots. Thank you, C/Z. - Frank P.

SADUS

A Vision Of Misery, lp
Roadracer

I believe this is the third album from Sadus, and since I didn't hear the first two, this was a new experience for me. You can tell quickly that these guys have been at it for a while; the musicianship is excellent and the songs are extremely tight. I'd have to classify Sadus as a death metal band, although they avoid a lot of typical pitfalls. The singer doesn't just growl; instead, he has a high-pitched, scratchy voice that he uses effectively. Perhaps the most refreshing thing here, which you almost never hear in death metal, is that you can hear the bass. I mean good bass, not just play-along-with-the-guitar bass. The lyrics are dark but not corny, another plus. On a few songs, Sadus does fall into the death metal trap of making things too busy and complicated, and losing the basic groove of their songs. But for the most part, this album is full of heavy guitar riffs backed up by solid bass and rums which fans of the genre should definitely enjoy. - Chris P.

SEAWEED

Weak, CD

Sub-Pop

When I first got this, I thought, "Oh god, not another grungy Seattle outfit that's going to bog me down in a gothic swamp of Zeppelin-esque riffs and masculine metal masturbation." Ahh, but I was wrong. This band is anything but "Weak." I was blindsided by a big slab of the gooey green stuff right at the base of my cranium, release those hardcore endorphins that had been dormant inside my brain since about 1985. Seaweed blasted through my speakers with refreshingly unpretentious songs about, what else, anger and alienation (y'know, that good ol' hardcore TENSION!) These guys are pissed. But instead of preaching about it, they just turn it up and scream. Listen, nothing's growing in the Soundgarden and the Green River's nothing but a puddle. Hell, I don't even wanna achieve Nirvana anymore. Just give me a steady diet of Seaweed and I'll be happy. - Dan L.

SHINY BEAST

Shiny Beast, CD5

Boner

Sounds like something Jon Spencer recorded on a broken 4-track while suffering from an impacted wisdom tooth. - Jim T.

SONIC YOUTH

Dirty, CD

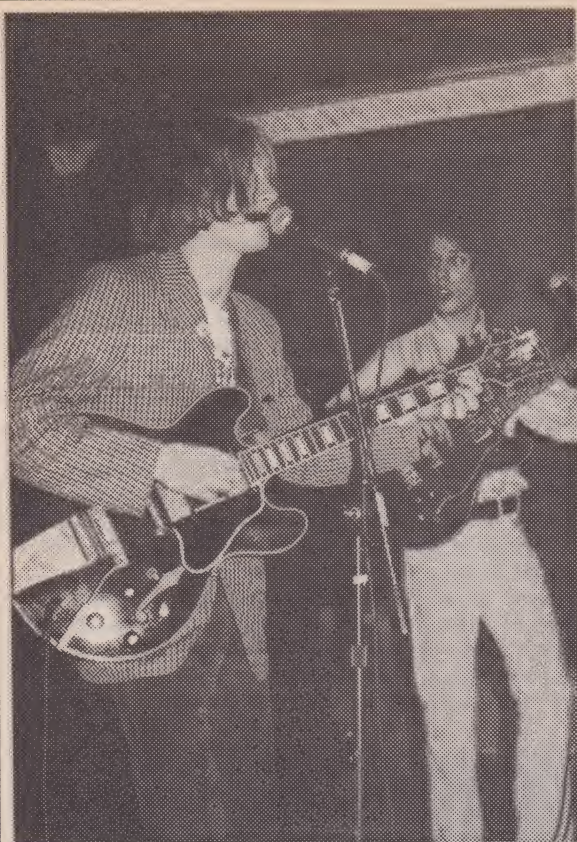
DGC/Geffen

The first couple of times I listened to *Dirty*, I was a little disappointed. After all, having followed Sonic Youth since their beginning, I'd come to think of every new Sonic Youth album as an event, some new step in the evolution of pigfucker rock. *Dirty*, on the other hand, sounds a good deal like *Goo*, which sounded pretty much like *Daydream Nation*. Of course, the point is that all three of those albums have more ideas, good songs, weird textures, unimagined chords, and raw emotion than just about anything else around today. In other words, there's really not much to complain about.

Kim Gordon steals the show on this one, though, with seven lead vocals, one song more mind-blowing than the next, whether she's snarling about casual sex or wife-beaters or sexual harassment ("I'm just here for dictation/not your summer vacation"). Thurston blows a gasket covering Void's (or is it Faith's? I get those early Dischord bands mixed up) "Nic Fit," and the opening cut, "100%," would be as huge as "Smells Like Teen Spirit" if 99% of America didn't have its head up its collective butt. - Jim T.



Sonic Youth photo by Rob Ben/Robzine



The Stairs

SMASHING ORANGE

The Glass Bead Game, CD
American Native

My friend Mark Bunster says lately the only way you can really enjoy a Smashing Orange show is getting as drunk as their lead singer Rob. When I saw them a few years ago, they were so nervous that a little alcohol probably would've helped, but I don't think they were old enough to drink then. Now, their first real honest to goodness LP shows that you can still enjoy them sober. Made of the same stuff as their excellent singles (though a lot more together), this is 45 minutes of pure buzzed-out bliss. Fans of My Bloody Valentine, Swirlies, and Swervedriver will really dig this. - Jodi S.

SOME VELVET SIDEWALK

Avalanche, CD
K Records

K Records - the home of Beat Happening - keeps finding bands that revel in a kind of studied amateurishness, with awkward, offkey vocals, fifty-dollar guitars played through thirty-dollar amps, and songs that often have the depth of nursery rhymes. Some people live this stuff. Me, I don't get it. Not at all. - Jim T.

SPECTRUM

Soul Kiss (Glide Divine), CD
Silvertone/BMG

Sonic Boom of Spacemen 3 fame returns in Spectrum, creating the same sort of psychedelic ambient rock as his old band. It's way cheaper than those fancy white-noise generators but still helps you get a good night's sleep, guaranteed. - Jim T.

JON SPENCER BLUES EXPLOSION, CD

Caroline Records

A little bit of Mojo (Nixon, that is) mixed up with performance art and the Downtown scene. This trio gets its digs in too, in little ditties like "Write A Song" - sort of an anti-song that lasts about a minute, filled with distorted guitar chaos and random screaming. Following in the footsteps of Spencer's Pussy Galore, this is a funny, diverse record, sounding like a blues album turned inside out and played at the wrong speed. It might not be a blues explosion, but it's definitely an explosion and worth picking up. - Dan L.

THE STAIRS

Mexican R'N'R, CD
Go! Discs/London

The silly photo of this British trio dressed up like B-movie Mexicans on the sleeve almost relegated this to the discard pile before I gave it a spin. Lucky I did. Anyone who loves his copy of Lenny Kaye's Nuggets compilation will want to hear these guys; their three-chord garage rock (recorded in mono!) perfectly captures the elegant simplicity of cheesey bands like the Barbarians and the Standells. Lots of cool fun, although it does go on a little too long. - Jim T.

STAR PIMP

Treasure Trall, CD5
Boner

My Bloody Valentine, recorded on a Tascam. But hey, the bass player is really sexy. - Jim T.

SUGARSHACK

Charmer, CD
Fistpuppet/Cargo

Sugarshack, who hail from the same part of Texas as the Pain Teens, throw themselves into art-damaged blues and psychobilly tunes with all the gonzo squalor of Pussy Galore. The difference is that you always kinda felt that Jon Spencer created all that music because he'd spent years listening to old blues and rockabilly records, whereas Sugarshack sound more like they spent their adolescence listening to Pussy Galore. - Jim T.

SUPERBALL 63

360 Degrees Meet You At The Wall, LP
Big Money, PO Box 2483, Minneapolis MN 55402

Greasy gomers in flannel shirts from the Twin Cities, but don't get any ideas that they sound like Soul Asylum or Husker Du. Heavier, grungier, and funkier (as in slap bass, not personal hygiene), Superball 63 rock just a little harder than most of what you think of when I say Minneapolis. - Jim T.

SUPERSUCKERS

The Songs All Sound The Same, CD
Empty

"Saddle Tramp" is AC/DC meets Seattle. "Burnin' Up" is the finest cover of Madonna to date. "Junk" and "Girl I Know" also stand out and yep, the rest of the songs pretty much sound the same. But that's okay. Strong, raw, grungy rock with a kick, one of Seattle's current top bands and deservedly so. Worth owning. - Frank P.

THROWING MUSES

Red Heaven, CD
Warner Bros.

There are only two Muses left, and as much as I loved Kristin Hersh's early work, not one good song on this CD. Pretty soon, this band will be as big a joke as the Lemonheads. Why don't bands just break up when they've run out of ideas and members? - Jim T.

TOMMYKNOCKERS

Perception Is Reality, CD
Skyclad

These two guys and a woman want to be the Doors, with a Grade D Joey Ramone-wannabe singing their dated, pseudo-gothic, psychedelic lyrics on top of cheesey-ass riffs that make you look at your watch to see how much longer before the last song ends. This album pissed me off. Halfway through this CD, I opted to turn on the Repulcan Convention to help distract me from this album. Of course the "perceptions of reality" on the tube were much more disgusting than anything a Tommyknocker could produce, so there's one good thing to say about them -- they're a lot better than listening to George Bush. - Dan L.

TOOL

Opiate, CD
Zoo

A combination of live and studio cuts complete with a parental advisory sticker which might have to do with a song about rape (with the line "I want to shoot you in the fuckin' head.") This music, which deals with the darker side of things, maintains a certain level of tension, but never explodes. Acceptable but not memorable. - Tom B.

URBAN BLIGHT

Playgrounds N Glass, CD
Stickman, 232 W 22 St, New York NY 10011

Really poppy MTV-type funk. These seven fellows (including one token black) are politically correct to the point that would really annoy a normal person. This is a very happy album, with lot of jolly keyboards, clapping, crazy trumpets, and way too many "shu du du wop babys" for my taste. - Danny E.

VACANT LOT

Shake/Cargo

Transcendent garage rock from one of New York's best (and most overlooked) bands. The Vacant Lot throw the old idea of "retro" out the window and simply apply every lesson they ever learned from the Beatles, Kinks, Roky Erickson, Buzzcocks, and the Real Kids to their own power-pop. If this doesn't have you bouncing all over the room, you don't like rock and roll. And make sure you stick around for the end; "Loyola," the last track, is worth the price of the whole CD. Jim T.

VASELINES

The Way Of The Vaselines, CD
Sub-Pop

The Vaselines are Kurt Cobain's favorite band (sounds of millions of alternateens running to Tower). They're a joke band in every sense of the word - even the liner notes say this was a joke. And they're still fun to listen to if you have any sense of humor. All their must-have tracks are here, like "Molly's Lips" (covered by you-know-who), their discofied take on Divine's "You Think You're A Man," and "The Day I Was A Horse," a gloriously stupid song about acid. It'll be interesting to see if all those alternateens will jump around singing, "I'm a real dum-dum..." - Jodi S.



WALT MINK

Miss Happiness, CD

Caroline

John Kimbrough's vocals take some getting used to -- like Michael Quercio, he often sounds so cutesy-wutsey that (to borrow a line from Dorothy Parker) the widdle wistener wants to fwow up. Once you get past his voice, though, Kimbrough's got some chops to show off on guitar, and the band puts together some undeniably appealing power pop. Jim DeRogatis hates this band so much that their publicist brags about it. Now that's fame. - Jim T.

WHIRLING DERVISHES

Strange And Wonderful, CD

It took these guys from Union County five years to get this out. A creative mix of somewhat-danceable party rock that keeps one guessing about its unavoidably charming style. "Cop" is probably the best cut and I bet it would make a great video if it was mixed in with some L.A. riot footage. I get the feeling this band is on the verge of something bigger. - Tom B.

WHITE ZOMBIE

La Sexorcisto: Devil Music Vol I

Geffen

Not having heard White Zombi's earlier, indie stuff in a long time, I can only say that I remember them a little noisier than this. Peppered with Russ Meyer soundbites (along with other B movie bits), this is probably the most bizarre major label release this year (next to the Flaming Lips, anyway.) Loud, heavy, and grinding, it's a great record with a great sense of humor that you can play as loud as you want and it just keeps getting better and better. It's everything mommy ever feared in a rock band as far as looks and lyrics go. Let's hope the spooky title gets the skinny mallrat metalheads to buy it. - Jodi S.

WIRE TRAIN

No Soul, No Strain, CD

MCA

Y'know how every summer has its own soundtrack? Well, Wire Train definitely has a place on Side A this year. No Soul, No Strain parts your head right down the middle with its unignorable six-stringed scalpel backed up by an acidhouse foundation. "Stone Me" plays as the credits roll, giving you that, "Wow, I played the hero"

feeling. Then, before you make it to the usher, "Open Sky" busts out with its Inner God message while "Crashing Back To You" and "Jordan" make you wish you could watch the whole thing over again. I'm not going to congratulate Kevin Hunter for his fine paradoxical weaving, I'm just going to get up and dance before it starts to snow. - Greg M.

STEVE WYNN

Dazzling Display, CD

RNA/Rhino

Accomplished, literate guitar pop that thoroughly satisfies through 12 songs. Wynn's voice sometimes recalls Julian Cope, but at his best, the singer is his own man pulling off Lou Reed's trick of tapping deep emotions in a near-spoken style. Loving constructed arrangements that never seem mannered mesh with Wynn's lyrics on dark themes. Most songs are built on sighing string arrangements, organ, cool liquid feedback and strummed acoustic guitar. Accordions, mandolins, horns and even sitar show up as well. Bonus for ripping the Beatles' "I've Got A Feeling" riff for "Dandy In Disguise." I'm not familiar with Wynn's work in Dream Syndicate, but I'll definitely check out Days Of Wine & Roses now after this introduction. - Mark W.

YOUTH GONE MAD

West/East, CD

Moving Target/Celluloid

This is a collection of tracks from singles, compilations, and demos, recorded at six different studios with almost as many lead singers. Youth Gone Mad apparently has two lineups, one on each coast (hence the title), and a constantly shifting lineup, but there are a few constants. A lot of this has the campy, garagey sound of early Blondie, and most of the production sucks. (The cover of the Ramones' "Loudmouth" done at Toxic Shock in NY is an exception, it friggin' rocks.) I don't know why they bothered turning this into a CD since so much of it was obviously recorded as throwaways. They should have thrown it all away and done it all again from scratch the right way. - Jim T.

YUPPIECIDE

Fear Love, CD

Wreckage



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NY/HC with that unmistakable Don Fury Productions sound: Super-compressed guitar distortion buried in a ton of muddy bass, with tuneless vocals. At least Yuppieclde have a sense of humor ("Be A Man And Slam," from their earlier EP, is still a riot, even if the scene it ridicules doesn't really exist anymore) and their singer has a real English accent, which makes their singalong Oi anthems sound a little more authentic than, say, when Go! used to try the same thing. - Jim T.

--COMPILATIONS--

BROOKLYN BEAT VOL 6 - Down Home, The Acoustic Beat

From the Beatniks From Mars to the folky E.J. Ryan's "I've Got A Smile," this is an acoustic beast, as promised. Songs about shitty jobs and having no time for romance makes you wonder if these guys are really fanzine writers. Cryptic Soup asks if the Bible lied to them and A.L. Wyer wonders if you can find love dialing a 900 number. These differing artists, including Bite The Wax Godhead and Chemical Wedding, nicely complement one another. - Tom B.

--BOOKS--

PUNK '77 by James Stark

PO Box 410622, San Francisco CA 94141

Subtitled "An inside look at the San Francisco rock n' roll scene, 1977," this book by James Stark tells the story of the birth of the San Francisco punk scene in photos and text. It starts with the photos, actually, since Stark was a photographer back in '77. Years later, he started writing text around some of the photos and then interviewed many of the participants of the scene, using the photos to spark their reminiscences.

This works really well, since the earliest days of punk were so underground that they just weren't chronicled in the media. You can't go back and look at old newspapers, magazines, or fanzines because no one wrote about any of this stuff until it had already filtered into the mainstream. So an oral history is about the best you can do. Stark has found original members of bands like Crime, the Nuns, the Avengers and Germs, as well as scenesters and club owners, and let's them remember 1977 in their own words, adding his own text to tie things together or set up specific themes.

Although I didn't experience anything in this book firsthand, it brought back a lot of memories, since Frisco's earliest punk scene was a lot like New York's. It might surprise a lot of today's hardcore youth to learn that the original punkers weren't teenagers but bohemian artists and musicians in their mid-20's and early 30's. In New York, it seemed like everybody who liked punk in 1977 was either Jewish or gay (or both) and from this book, San Francisco was pretty much the same deal.

Anyway, Punk '77 is not another coffee-table mainstream media ripoff but an engrossing chronicle of what went down from somebody who was really there. Sure it's history, but if you're into punk rock, it's part of YOUR history, and that alone is a good reason to check it out. - Jim T.

SHADOW LIES by David McCord

Caffeine Machine Publications, Box 11462, Berkeley CA 94701

This novel entered the realm of Punk when two Maximum Rock N Roll columnists raved about in the same issue, but it's not about music or "punks" in the MRR sense at all. The story concerns an out of work writer who's swept up in an enormous conspiracy that plays out like a drug-induced hallucination. Author David McCord works with paranoia the way Sonic Youth plays with feedback, building it in waves and letting it ebb and swell again, until you don't know what

PUNK '77



an inside look at the san francisco rock n' roll scene, 1977

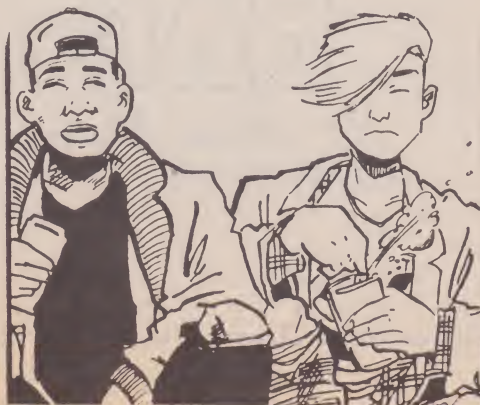
a book by james stark

to believe. Lots of kinky sex, drugs, black magic, torture, and a circus all enter into the story. It's an entertaining 90 minute read (well, I'm a fast reader) but hardly the literary event I'd expected from other reviews. It reminded me too much of Thomas Pynchon's The Crying Of Lot 49, a much better book that will also make you dizzy with its spiraling plot and unending conspiracies. - Jim T.

OUT OF FOCUS VIDEOZINE #1

% Bob Byrne, 1326 Fredrick Ln, Naperville IL 60565

If you've read the Screaching Weasel Interview in this issue, you've heard about McGregor's, the punk club outside Chicago. This video fanzine is filmed there, and includes a couple of songs and an interview by six bands that have recently passed through. Bands include the A.G.'s, Paxton Quigley, Game Face, Spitboy, and Green Day, who give a very goofy interview. Nothing fancy or slick but excellent video quality and some funny bits between the bands. \$10 and well worth it. - Jim T.



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Late Arrivals

27 VARIOUS *Fine*, CD Clean/TwinTone

Ed Ackerson's 27 Various follows up last year's excellent *Clean* lp with a new disc of colorful Beatlesque pop. This time around, the Various is a trio (Ed on vocals and guitar, Bart Bakker on bass, and Mike Reiter on drums) but the sound's as full and vibrant as ever. The last time I saw these guys, Ed had a thousand bucks worth of effects pedals ripped off at the Continental Divide (visit NMS and lose your shirt!) so it's good to see the band rebounded so quickly. If you ever find yourself humming tunes from *Rubber Soul* and wishing they still wrote 'em like that, check this band out. - Jim T.

ED HALL *Glory Hall*, LP Trance Syndicate

Pretty decent attempt at a Butthole Surfers ripoff here, but it's just that it's getting kinda old these days. A lot of psychedelic, acid-drenched instrumentation, tapes, artwork and pictures, noise, etc. Some cuts stand out more than others but still nothing earth-shattering or groundbreaking. An ok lp by an ok band. Pretty bizarre tho! - John L.

EUGENIUS *Oomalama*, CD Atlantic

Ex-Vaseline Eugene Kelly may not be a genius, but he's certainly got the touch. Like fellow Scots Teenage Fan Club, his band Eugenius artfully combines power-pop melodies with stinging modernish guitars, set to melodies inspired by a cool record collection heavy on cult heroes like Alex Chilton and the Velvet Underground. Kelly doesn't have quite the ear for killer hooks a Teenage FC, but this album has been growing on me with each listen, and I'm still going back for more. - Jim T.

THE FRAMES *Another Love Song*, CD Island

Why is it that when a label has one successful band, it keeps signing new bands who sound the same? (Remember all those bands on TwinTone that sounded just like the Replacements?) Island's big act is U2, of course, and here's yet another English group with many of the same characteristics -- an elegant pop sense, toothy guitars, a love of American rock icons like Dylan and Lou Reed, and a singer who manages to turn self-confidence from a virtue into one of the Seven Deadly Sins. The ballads here are warm gooey brain death, but there are some good pop tunes ("The Dancer," "Masquerade") even if they do project the feeling that you've heard all this someplace before. - Jim T.

MANDRAKES *Will*, Cassette Susstones

The Mandrakes were a Minneapolis trio who started off in a basement recording some tunes on a little 4-track machine, and ended up the same place. Along the way, they picked up ex-Love Pusher Jim DeRogatis on drums, who happens to have a knack for recording bands on 4

and 8 tracks and making it sound like the latest hit from Electric Lovelady Studios. Too bad these guys broke up, the music here swells with beautiful melodies and a deft touch for borrowing from inspired sources (Alex Chilton's Big Star, Velvet Underground, and Robyn Hitchcock especially) and creating something new out of them. - Jim T.

NON-FICTION *In The Know*, CD Grand Slamm/IRS

One of the first bands we reviewed ten years ago was Hades, the first metal/thrash band in the state. Now two of those guys, Allan and Dan, are in Non-Fiction, picked up by IRS for their major label debut. Gloomy and heavy, Non-Fiction's unrelentingly pessimistic outlook colors all of these tracks, from Dan Lorenzo's stinging leads to Allan Tecchio's angst-drenched vocals. I find a whole album of this emotionally draining, not unlike a more concise, less pretentious Metallica mixed with early Sabbath and Iron Maiden. The perfect album for cold, dreary days when you feel like shit. - Jim T.

OVERWHELMING COLORFAST *Overwhelming Colorfast*, CD Relativity

The cover of their CD looks like Overwhelming Colorfast got caught in a Jackson Pollock splatter painting, but the music isn't nearly as postmodern, just a fairly straightforward pastiche of Seattlesque grunge guitar and college-radio pop. Butch Vig's production does all right by guitarist Bob Reed's throaty vocals and guitarist Torg Hallin's concise and fluid leads and riffs, but the songwriting's a little too flat. There's no reason why songs with intriguing titles like "Totally Gorgeous Foreign Chick" or "My Trip" should be so lifeless. The cleverest touch here is the cover of the Beatles' "She Said She Said," which coyly proves that music like this pre-dates Nirvana (an almost inevitable point of comparison, especially given Vig's participation) by about 20 years. - Jim T.

PAIN TEENS *Simulation Control*, LP Trance

Heavy, bassy, fuzzed out stuff, floating around the usual tape loops which hint at old black and white television. Lyrics still focus on pain, death, s&m, and the surreal. Still this is the Pain Teens' most rhythmic, though out, and interesting release to date. This band has really developed nicely since the old RR Records days, and they've recently released a bunch of good-sounding singles you should look for too. Unsettling, disturbing noise. - John L.

UTENSIL, 700 MILES, FALSE PROPHETS, SUPERBALL 63 at CBGB, Friday Sept. 11

I doubt any other New Wave cover band in the world could get booked at CBGB on a Friday night, let alone draw almost every important rock critic in town to their gig. But then, no other cover band boasts rock critic/nice guy Ira Robbins (of *Trouser Press* fame) on guitar and vocals,

Jim Merlis (Honus Wagner, CBS publicity wretch) on bass, and Mike Azerrad (another rock critic) on drums. The best part of the night was watching Utensil's pals show up and pay to get in (the contemptible David Fricke of *Rolling Stone* probably hasn't paid to see a band since 1979). The trio showed impeccable taste in their repertoire (assuming you like stuff like The Records, the Vapors, and the Knack), although I have no idea what the patrons who weren't in on the joke thought of the performance. Let's just say that as a guitarist and a singer, Ira makes a damn good rock critic.

The only good thing about these CBGB marathons is that every once in a while, a good band that I've never seen before actually sneaks onto a bill. 700 Miles are a local trio who manage to combine the R.E.M. emo/melodie vocal thing with the latest trendy grunge and funk riffs. It sounds like generic clubrock but these guys pull it off, in large measure because of the infectious energy and enthusiasm their singer/guitarist brings to the stage. These guys were the first band all night who looked like they had a reason to be there, even if they did get a bit too Seattlesque for my taste. The only negatives in their set were the ballads; anytime they slowed it down, they turned into Pearl Jam.

The ostensible headliners were up next, our old friends The False Prophets. Stephan brought his usual manic energy to the stage, with his wireless microphone and an even greater assortment of costumes and props than usual. Subtlety is not this band's strong point, however, and by the end of their show, I was reminded of that old Broadway adage, "Satire is what closes on Saturday night." The music's strong enough at this point that they could really stand to tone down the theatrics a bit, but

then they wouldn't be the False Prophets, I guess.

Finally, at 2:45 a.m. (I'm not making this up), Superball 63 finally got on stage; mercifully, there were actually still about a dozen insomniacs who hadn't left. The guys blazed through a cool set of throbbing punk/metal, sounding even better than they did at Continental Divide in June. Special thanks to the Prophets, who generously gave up their encore so the last band could get on before dawn, and my usual wish of boils, pus, and pestilence to that evil bitch Louise who books CB's and creates these nightmare 7-hour nights.

PSYCHOVIOLETS *Too Little, Too Late* CD Restless

Moody alternative rock, with a distinctive guitar sound and piquant songwriting. They must listen to a lot of 4AD bands in Kansas these days. - Jim T.

20 MORE EXPLOSIVE FANTASTIC ROCKIN' MEGA SMACH HIT EXPLOSIONS! CD Pravda

A second compilation from Pravda of cheesy 70's hits served up by some of today's coolest bands, from major label kubebs like King Missile, John Wesley Harding and the Smithereens to oddball punkers like Dayglo Abortions, Milo Binder and Enormous Richard. It's all a lot of fun, although Trip Shakespeare's version of the Raspberries' "Go All The Way" did it for me. As some philosopher once said, cheesy music always sounds better twenty years later because you don't have to live with it every day on the radio anymore. - Jim T.



Fanzine Reviews

Ever since the demise of Factsheet 5, we've tried to beef up our fanzine reviews to try and compensate for the loss of underground publishing's greatest asset since the discovery of the typewriter. Fanzines of extra merit are in boldface. Reviews by Jim Testa.

3 DEE #1 (27 Springbank Croft, Holmfirth, W. Yorks England HD7 1IW \$3) A collaboration between two English zines, the punkzine *Vision On* and the dance zine *Rip It Up*. Interviews with U.K. and U.S. bands, photos, and reviews.

BACKWOODS #16 (224 Elizabeth St, Athens GA 30601 \$2) Poetry, fiction and comics, with a neat layout.

BABY SUE (PO Box 1111, Decatur GA 30031 \$2) Comix and poetry, and an interview with comics artist Dennis Worden.

BANG! (77 Newbern Ave, Medford MA 02155 \$2) A couple of band interviews and lots of photos of big-breasted babes.

BOUNCING CASKET #6 (319 Wilbur St, E Prairie MO 63845 \$2) One of my favorites. Small format zine with band interviews, reviews, and photos. This issue features All, Seaweed, GWAR, and more.

CACTUS PRICK #6 (1265 E University #1014, Tempe AZ 85281 \$1.50) Interviews with Jesus Lizard and 3 Day Stubble, lots of reviews, and some good photos. #5 has Helios Creed and Thee Hypnotics.

CARRY SMYTH (76 Sapphire Lane, Franklin Park NJ 08823 \$1) *Jersey Beat's* Mike Lupica has his own zine, this issue concentrating on music with a Garden Variety interview and lots of reviews.

CHAIRS MISSING (PO Box 522, Stratford CT 06497 \$3) Scott Munroe is back with the "Surgeon's Girl" issue (each CM is named after a Wire song), this time with Lush, Uncle Tupelo, Dustdevils, and lots of reviews.

CHUMPIRE (c/o Greg, RD2 Box 530, Coopersburg PA 18036 2 stamps) Messy but heartfelt punkzine with xeroxed photos, reviews, and a few band interviews.

DRASTIC SOLUTIONS #6 (PO Box 664 Stn C, Toronto Ont. Canada M6J 3S1 \$2) The "smoke free" issue, featuring long interviews with Rorschach and Born Against (both vehement anti-smoking advocates) and some editorializing on the issue.

DUMPSTER DIVE #5 (74 Osbourne Ave, Norwalk CT 06855 \$2) Buzzcocks, Dickies, Doughboys in interviews, plus reviews.

EXPLOITATION RETROSPECT #35 (c/o Dan Taylor, PO Box 1155, Haddonfield NJ 08033 \$1) Small but thorough zine with an in-depth and knowledgeable interview/

retrospective on the Fleshtones and an interview with Fear's Lee Ving, plus a persuasive anti-MTV editorial.

further too... (40 Darwin Ct, Barlow St, London England SE17 1HR \$2) Very British zine (which is nice, since most U.K. zines seem obsessed with U.S. bands) that covers things like mail art and shopping as well as music and small press reviews.

GENETIC DISORDER #7 (PO Box 151362, San Diego CA 92175 \$1) A look at some local bands (Freak Seen, Horace Pinker), No FX, some advice on scamming your way into Over 21 shows if you're under 21, and record reviews. Nice photos.

GUNK #2 (16 Lordstirling Rd, Basking Ridge NJ 07920 2 stamps) Put out by three girl skateboarders, this is a local manifestation of the "Riot Grrl" movement, but not quite so humorlessly p.c. There's a good piece blasting sexism in *Thrasher*, zine reviews, skate photos, and other goodies. Way cool.

HAPPYLAND #4 (439 1st St #3R, Brooklyn NY 11215 \$2) Selwyn Harris' zine is dedicated to all things sleazy, and in this issue he takes a hands-on investigative approach to the lap dancing phenomenon. Plus there are furtive tales from fellow perverts and some inter-zine sniping. One of the few zines I read cover to cover.

HARRY'S FAMILY ALBUM #1 (Mark Harrison, 421 Bradford Rd, Brighouse, W Yorkshire England HD6 4BT \$2) Nice looking Brit punkzine with the usuals (mostly U.S. bands interviewed) - bands, reviews, photos.

HEY #2 (PO Box 9609, Seattle WA 98109 \$2) A Steel Pole Bathtub interview and some reviews comprise the music side of this zine; the rest deals with more literary endeavors.

HOUSE O'PAIN #8 (PO Box 120861, Nashville TN 37212 \$2) Good looking punkzine on glossy paper, mostly interviews. Helmet, Cop Shoot Cop, Bedlam Hour, Skinny Puppy, more.

JUSTICE, OR JUST US? #1 (1276 Wilson Ave #230, St Paul MN 55106 2 stamps) They should have called this *Fuck You* zine, since that's the attitude in just about every one of the short rants inside. No graphics or photos to speak of, just mean-spirited typewriter text dissing someone at *Profane Existence*, a piece about how unfriendly people in Minneapolis are, a nasty swipe at a local drag queen, and so on.

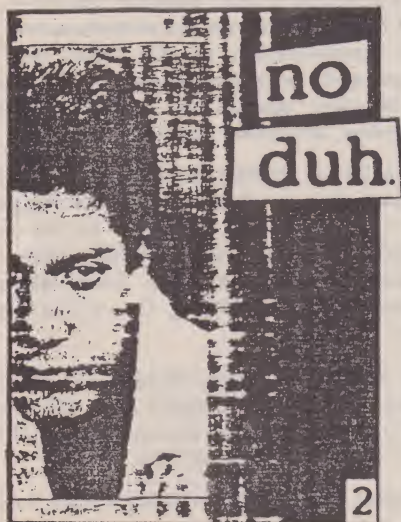
KNUCKLE SANDWICH #3 (Matt Shawkey, 2106 Stirrup Ln, Alexandria VA 22308 \$2) Sarcastic coverage of the D.C. punk scene, with laugh out loud live reviews and plenty of snotty attitude. Also a Melvins interview.

LANDSLIDE #3 (Craig Henry, 1500 Hazel Ave, Chesapeake VA 23325 \$2) Editorials (a look at technology and one on political correctness) start things off, then there's an interesting roundtable discussion with several other zine editors about sexism and sexuality in the punk scene. Plus the usual punk band interviews, reviews, and lots of good photos.

MIND MELT #2 (3050 W Wilson, Chicago IL 60625 \$3) Short interviews with some big names (Metallica, Swervedriver, James) and record reviews. Flip it over and you get an issue of *Alcoholics Unanimous*, with satirical pieces on the evils of alcohol.

MONSTAR #1 (PO Box 386 Stn B, Toronto Ontario Canada M5T 2W2 \$4) Bruce La Bruce's "sequel" to *JD's* is full of the same biting queercore wit, sexy photos, a dish about Ben Weasel, and something about his new movie. Most of this is just Bruce talking about Bruce, which is entertaining enough.

MOO COW #3/4 (38 Larch Circle, Belmont MA 02178 \$1.50) The editor (who never gives his name) is a college



student majoring in zoology. He defends straightedge and wonders why other people, like *MRR*, are so nasty about straight edgers. Then he ponders homosexuality (he can't get into it), writes about all the generic mosh bands he likes, and interviews 411. He also strikes me as a bit of an asshole, but that's just my opinion.

NICE SLACKS #2 (PO Box 476659, Chicago IL 60647 \$2) Well done new zine with Babes In Toyland, Bastro, Blackhumour, a funny anti-Pixies piece, some computer hacking stuff I couldn't understand, reviews, and comix. Impressive.

NO DUH #2 (2 Aldie St #1, Allston MA 02134 \$1) I'm consumed with jealousy because *No Duh* was a *Sassy Zine Of The Month*, an honor we've been denied. Cool layouts and random musings, although this isn't a music zine. The staff talks about their high tops, there's short fiction, top

ten lists, and some eye-catching graphics.

NO LONGER A FANZINE #1/PHILLY ZINE #11 (Joseph Gervasi, 142 Frankford Ave, Blackwood NJ 08012 \$2) Another double zine. Rants, interviews, and the editor's bus trip to San Francisco and back comprise most of *NLAF*; in the last issue of *Philly Zine*, there's Bugout Society, reviews, and a visitor's guide to Philly.

NOISY CONCEPT #16 (621 Bassett Rd, Bay Village OH 44140 \$1) Short reviews, columns, and letters. Sort of a mini-mini-*MRR*.

NOTHING BUT RECORD REVIEWS #3 (PO Box 137, Prince St Sta, New York NY 10012 \$3) Mykel Board's descriptive reviews cover everything from demo tapes and Japanese porn videos to the latest indie releases. No bad reviews and no major label product. The zine comes with a cassette of annoying prank phone calls.

PERMISSION #1 (1050 W Dakin #3f, Chicago IL 60613 \$2) An interesting mix that covers everything from Chicago theater and dining to some music coverage (*Curve*, *Alien Sex Fiend*), fiction, poetry and reviews. Ambitious.

PERVERT #1 (PO Box 300829, Houston TX 77230 \$1) Sort of a hinterlands *Happyland*. Porn reviews, an interview with a porn star, and some music reviews.

POSER LUST #14 (Soulcore, PO Box 1983, Nevada City CA 95959 \$2) Funny if sexist stuff, from a David Cassidy pinup to postcards pre-addressed to Clarence Thomas to lots of photos of naked butts and chesty wimmin.

QUANTRO #2 (49 Kent Rd #2, Upper Darby PA 19082 \$1) Another militant punk grl zine, but one with a sense of humor. There are "Broccoli God" pinups of punk hunks (this ish has Mike Patton), a visit to Whiteville, West Virginia, and various rants on different topics.

QUEER ZINE EXPLOSION #5 (Larry Bob, PO Box 591275, San Francisco CA 94159 2 stamps) The queer *Factsheet 5* - listings of gay, lesbian, bi, and queer-power fanzines.

RADIO RIOT (WRSU FM, 126 College Ave, New Brunswick NJ 08903 2 stamps) A one-pager published by the voice of WRSU's punk radio show, with some reviews and lots of scene gossip. Also lots of quotable quotes, like "Klingons do not dress homey."

REIGN OF TOADS (PO Box 66047, Albany NY 12206 \$4) It's a little expensive, but the beautiful production is worth it. This issue starts off with a good account of the demise of *Factsheet 5* (and info on how to access the new computer version), then well-written and gorgeously illustrated think pieces on *Slacker*, Nirvana, Ween, and reviews.

RISE #1 (Robert Sing, PO Box 13934, Savannah GA 31416 \$1) Record and zine reviews.

ROCK CITY REPORT #4 (1415 Main St #720, Worcester MA 01603 \$1) Interviews and reports, all somewhat dated by the time I got this (like a review of Rollins at Lollapalooza '91).

SANITY SUX #16 (Kim Martin, 3754 Kimberly Dr, Gaines-

ville GA 30506) The sloppiest grrl zine I've ever seen, with reviews, and an interview with the reigning Saggiest Boy In America.

SECOND GUESS #3 (PO Box 9382, Reno NV 89507 \$1.50) Desktop publishing rules, ok? Interviews with Mykel Board, MCGOB, Local H, pranks and scams, and reviews.



#4 has Green Day, more Mykel Board, and Lollapalooza reports.

SHOELACE #3 (PO Box 7952, W Trenton NJ 09628 \$1.75) Reviews, rants, and interviews with Vision and Phleg Camp.

SKY FLYING BY #1/2 (2308 Londonderry Dr, Murfreesboro TN 37129 \$1) #1 was mostly random thoughts on everything from Helmet to hunting (the first pro, the second con), but #2 had lots of band interviews, with engaging graphics and very cool covers on colored paper.

SLAM #1 (PO Box 22861, Alexandria VA 22304 \$1) A reprint of a piece on L.A. gangs rebuilding the ghetto after the riots, a rant about Ice-T and Sister Souljah, and lots of reviews. Looks like it's still looking for its identity.

SPAZ #4 (112 Duane St Box 307, NYC 10007 \$2) Mostly poetry with some music (Sonic Youth in Central Park, chat with Eugene Chadbourne.)

SPLEEN #1 (John King, 25 Duncan Ave, Jersey City NJ 07304 \$2) Finally, someone pricks the hype balloon surrounding Nation of Ulysses! Good looking desktop layouts also include interviews, the editor's humiliating experiences as a guest on the *Jane* show, and some new uses for Tiger Balm. Cool hand-colored cover too.

STIFF NECK #3 (400 Adeline Dr, Keswick Ontario Canada L4P 3C3 \$2) Mostly metal zine, with interviews and reviews.

SUBURBAN VOICE #32 (PO Box 2746, Lynn MA 01903 \$4) Al Quint's excellent hardcore/metal/punk zine rages on, this time looking at some punk bands gone major label (Helmet, Quicksand), plus a debate on religion between Dan O'Mahoney and Ray Cappo. Comes with a 7-inch featuring 411, Kingpin, and

Slap Of Reality.

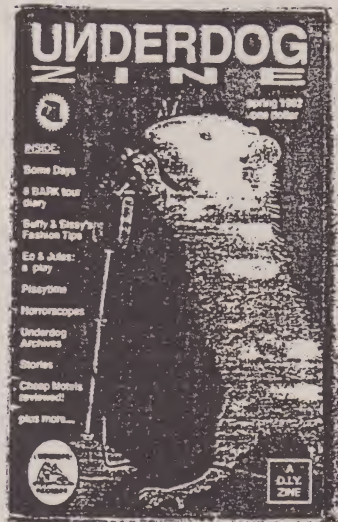
TASTES LIKE CHICKEN #1 (1115 Jackson, Red Bluff CA 96080 \$2) Lots of cool photos and band interviews with Melvins, Steel Pole Bathtub, and more, plus reviews. Really good first issue, hope they do more.

THINK AGAIN #2 (PO Box 1223, Claremont CA 91711 \$1.50) Another desktop zine, with computer scanned photos. Spitboy, Downcast, Rage Against Machine, Samiam and Heroin are among the interviewees, plus reviews.

TOO FAR #11 (PO Box 40185, Berkeley CA 94704 \$1) This issue has some thought-provoking pieces on sexuality -- a male rape victim recounts his experiences, and a think piece entitled "How Do You Feel When You Get Yelled At On The Street IN A Sexual Way?" Plus zine listings.

UGLY AMERICAN #7 (PO Box 8433, Red Bank NJ 07701 \$3) Not much to look at, but if you don't mind the absence of graphics there's plenty to read. Live reviews, interviews with bands you've probably never heard of, a NYC porn report, and lots of record reviews.

UNDERDOG ZINE #1 (PO Box 14182, Chicago IL 60614 \$2) From the folks at Underdog Records, this has an 8-Bark tour diary, a guide to cheap Chicago motels if you're touring through that neck of the woods, a short punk play, and lots more entertaining



bits and pieces. Good looking, and both informative and entertaining.

WANNA COMMUNICATE? #2 (16 Willow Ave, Bayonne NJ 07002 \$2) Bewitched interview, a bunch of bands and a scene report from ABC No Rio, the last-ever GO! interview (we hope), reviews, and photos.

ZUM #1 (PO Box 20746, San Jose CA 95160) Reviews, interviews (one with the Cavedogs is done in the form of a comic strip), poetry, opinions, an ecology column, plus an East Bay scene report that goes beyond the usual roster of Lookout bands. Good beginning.



Cymeon X

JERSEY BEAT PINUP



**"Oomalama! And, with one B flat chord,
Eugenius saves rock 'n' roll!"
- New Music Express**

EUGENIUS (formerly Captain America) unleashes their American debut album, Oomalama. Led by Eugene Kelly of THE VASELINES fame, the album features such brand new cuts as "Flame On," "Bed-In," and "Buttermilk."



eugenius



Produced by Jamie Watson and Eugenius.

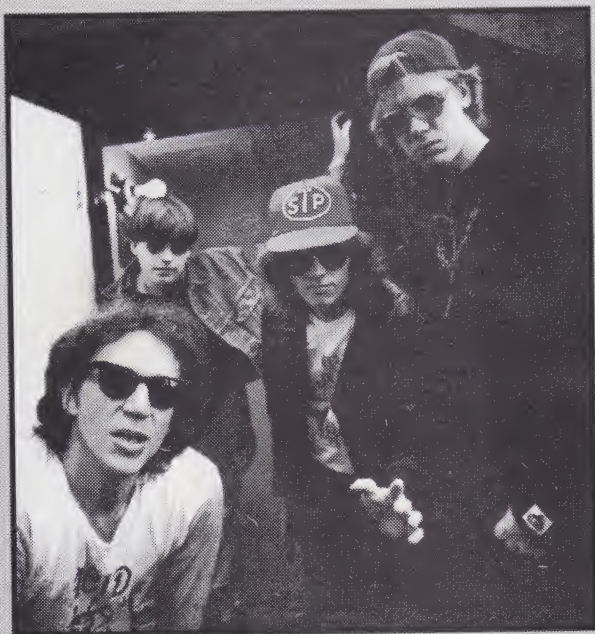


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DIM STARS



apparently:

RICHARD HELL

THURSTON MOORE

STEVE SHELLEY

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"A major contemporary rock event... warped, gonzo, righteous, and LOUD. These Dim Stars shine brightly indeed in the Lower East Side quadrant of rock & roll heaven."

*-from Rolling Stone's four-star
Dim Stars review*

definitely: OUT NOW on
CAROLINE

(Guest - Robert Quine)